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Anglo-French Friendship

Cited Cornerstone Of Policy

Paris, Nov. 25.—Several speakers declared in the French Assembly today that while it is right to promote better relations with Germany, British friendship remains a cornerstone of French foreign policy.

The Deputies switched the spotlight from Germany to Anglo-French relations on this third and final day of their foreign affairs debate.

Vigorous applause greeted M. Jean Le Bail, Socialist, when he regretted that Mr Winston Churchill's proposal in June, 1949, for common Anglo-French citizenship was never carried out.

The "necessary" Franco-German rapprochement, now under discussion "must not diminish the importance of the understanding with England which is the essential basis of France's policy," he added.

OPPOSITION REGRETTED

M. Edouard Bonnefous, Chairman of the Assembly's Foreign Affairs Committee, regretted "British opposition to the creation of European unity."

"We hope that our British friends will pay attention to our appeal and that they will finally be convinced that without Great Britain there is no Europe," he added.

Demilitarisation of West Germany implied unlimited military occupation, he continued. "Do London and Washington understand this problem?" he asked.

West German Democrats had no agreed foreign policy but he hoped the Federal Government would ratify the Bonn agreement, published yesterday.

The Foreign Minister, M. Robert Schuman, who yesterday stressed the limited concessions and the substantial security embodied in the new arrangement, was expected to intervene in the debate again later tonight to reply to critics.

The debate was expected to end with a vote of confidence in the Government.—Reuter.

NO ROMANCE

Washington, Nov. 25.—Margaret Truman today squelched reports that she might announce her engagement soon. The President's daughter made it clear at a press conference that she preferred an operative career to romance.—United Press.

COMMENT

Peanuts And Politics

PEANUTS are becoming an important political issue in the pre-election sparring in Great Britain. The ambitious plan to raise them in Tanganyika, in an attempt to increase the non-dollar supply of essential oils and fats, has proved considerably less than a success, and the Food Minister, Mr Strachey, has been under heavy fire from the Conservative Opposition in the House of Commons. Both discussed and cursed since its inception in March 1946, the peanut question really came to a boil with the presentation this month of the first report of the Overseas Food Corporation. The report showed not only that no peanuts had been produced for English consumption after three

years of effort, but that proper books apparently had not been kept on the expenditure of £23,000,000, which has been the cost of the groundnuts scheme to date. But even Conservative critics are of two minds on what should be done, apart from a unanimous feeling that Mr Strachey should be sacked, which they are in favour of anyway. Unless the cost of production can be brought down, it appears that it might be cheaper to buy needed oils in the markets instead of trying to produce them. But against this, there is a widely-held idea that the best hope Britain has of closing the dollar gap is to produce within the Commonwealth these things which otherwise might be bought with dollars.

Jet Airliners

THE earnings of no one industry will solve Britain's financial crisis, but British-built jetliners may well become a noteworthy source of American dollars. Jet airliners designed and built in the United Kingdom are now in the air, while in the United States they have reached only the drawing-board stage. American aircraft builders estimate it will take them from five to eight years to produce their first jet-powered transport for commercial use. In Britain, however, the De Havilland Comet, a jet-powered airliner with a still air range of 3,200 miles at 400 miles an hour, has been flown successfully, and professional observers from other countries who have watched it in

flight have remarked that the new hand-built plane is as "clean" as any jet fighter. In addition, the Avro Tudor VIII jet airliner recently flew to 40,000 feet in 37 minutes. It appears probable that during the first half of the next decade, airlines in the United States may be buying British jet airliners when the current 300-mile-an-hour planes seem sluggish and obsolete. While only one turbo-prop military plane has been produced in the United States, Britain is already offering several types for commercial use. However, it should be noted that while jet aircraft are being put into commercial use, an overcoming of weather problems must parallel their development.

Soviet Peace Plan Rejected By United Nations

APPROVAL FOR ANGLO-U.S. PROGRAMME

Lake Success, Nov. 25.—The United Nations rejected decisively today a Soviet Russian peace plan which carried a clause accusing the United States and Britain of preparing a third world war. Then, by 53 votes to five the United Nations approved an American-British programme for peace. The margin for the American-British proposal was the biggest the West has ever received in the UN on a major question.

The Russian bloc of five stood alone against it and Yugoslavia abstained.

The heart of Mr Vyshinsky's proposal was knocked out 41 to 6 in the 59-Nation Political Committee. Arab Yemen alone voted with the Moscow group in favour of a section calling on the United States, Britain, France China and the Soviet Union to draw up a pact of peace. The first will be renewed finally in the Assembly proper, but there was no prospect of a change in the voting.

Strike, A Near Failure

FRENCH WORKERS STAY AT JOB

Paris, Nov. 25.—France's 24-hour general strike appeared today to be a near failure. Workers were insisting on staying at work, reports throughout France showed.

It was clear that the strike was far from general.

A Socialist Cabinet Minister, M. Eugene Thomas, who heads the Post Office, said the strike "is a fiasco." The mines and most big industries were shut down and transport disrupted. However, the effects on normal life were not very noticeable.

Practically all shops were open as well as banks, the stock exchange, insurance companies and government offices. There were few taxis and the government ran buses to ease the transport problem.

PARTIALLY EFFECTIVE

There had been no reports of fighting and government sources said it was wiser to stay away from the mills for one day rather than risk tangling with militant Unionists.

In Marseilles, the Mediterranean port renowned for its labour violence, there was complete calm.

"Only by the absence of trolley buses and buses and the closing of factories and some big stores could you tell there is a strike on," reported a correspondent from Marseilles.

Lille reported that in the heavy industrial North of France the strike was 30 per cent effective among chemical factory workers, 40 per cent among textile workers, 80 per cent among the metal workers, 10 per cent among workers at Lille Railway Station.

As far as coalfields were concerned, most inter-urban trains and some local trains were running throughout France.

Labour Ministry sources in Paris estimated the number of striking railway workers at only 40 per cent. It is even hoped to get a couple of underground lines going later in the day. Refuse was being collected.—Associated Press.

Mr Vyshinsky's attack on Britain and America, in the first paragraph of his resolution, was broken by 52 votes to five with Yemen and Yugoslavia abstaining.

Some delegates interpreted the Communist vote as a pre-emptive blow at Mr Vyshinsky, who has bitterly attacked the British and Americans as preparing for a new war and then, almost in the same breath, called on them to swear to a new peace pact among the big five powers—the Soviet Union, France, Britain, the United States and China.

They saw the heavy vote for the West as an expression of confidence from the small and medium countries and endorsement of pleas by Mr Warren R. Austin of the United States and Britain's Mr Hector McNeill for the Russians to roll up their iron curtain and negotiate with the rest of the world.

For the second time in three days, a UN majority bent down a Soviet demand for the UN to approve a Moscow-style programme for atomic control.

On Wednesday, the General Assembly meeting in the Flushing Meadows Hotel, the Soviet proposal for the 11-National Atomic Energy Commission to resume work and draw up two atomic conventions proposed by the Soviet Union.

The Political Committee, the main body of the General Assembly, then today bent down a Russian statement in the peace pact plan saying any further delay in banning atomic bombs and establishing "appropriate strict international control" would be inadmissible.

The vote on this paragraph was 20 to 5, with 10 nations abstaining.

There were only three sections of the Russian resolution. Since it had been defeated paragraph by paragraph, no vote on the whole proposal was taken.

OPPOSITION ABSTAINS

With the Soviet resolution out of the way, the Committee began a paragraph by paragraph vote on the American-British programme. Every paragraph of the long resolution was approved by 50 votes or more, with Mr Vyshinsky's bloc abstaining on some counts and voting against others.

The American-British proposal amounts to reaffirmation of the UN Charter. In its key sections, it calls on UN members to take part in all of the work of the UN; to restrain use of the Security Council (where Russia has vetoed 41 majority decisions), to settle disputes by peaceful means, to co-operate for the regulation of conventional armaments and to give up some of their national sovereignty to set up effective international control of atomic energy.

Mr Vyshinsky regarded his proposal as the most important before the UN Assembly.—Reuter.

Knowland In Chungking

Warmly Welcomed

Chungking, Nov. 25.—United States Senator William Knowland and the CAT airline executive, Major General Claire Chennault, arrived late today from the Philippines and Hongkong and received a warm government reception.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek gave a dinner in honour of Senator Knowland and wife.

Aboard the plane arriving here were also Deputy Premier Chu Chia-hua, Mr Cheng Yen-fan, Mr Chu Ching and Mr Hung Lan-yu, who had been in Hongkong "extending regards" to the retiring Acting President, Li Tsung-jen.

Welcome messages from Chinese legislators greeted Senator Knowland and the official Central Daily News published a complimentary editorial.

Chungking is a scene of turmoil and battle today. Some well-equipped troops under General Hu Tsung-nan were seen rushing through the streets for the defence of the capital and the pessimistic citizens brightened somewhat.

Refugees carrying baggage travelled in and out of the city. Trucks roared over choppy roads day and night. Rickshaw drivers were asking double or triple price for rides in their ancient vehicles.

In the banking area, two queues nearly a mile long were lined up before government banks, seeking to exchange their yuan notes into "big yuans"—silver dollars.

A Chinese dispatch from Hsiang-shan said that Chong Shichuan, magistrate of Pengshui, was shot by Commander Sung Hsi-lin on a charge of inefficiency in the military supply service in the area.

More than 100 passengers fell into the water and at least 30 died when the gang-plank broke while refugees were rushing aboard the steamer Mirma, this morning.—United Press.

RADIUM STOLEN

Bari, Italy, Nov. 25.—Two tubes of radium were stolen from the University of Bari hospital today and the police issued a general warning that the tubes lacked protective lead jackets and their possession was dangerous.—United Press.

Russia To Boycott Debate

Lake Success, Nov. 25.—The Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr. Andrei Vyshinsky, declared in the United Nations Political Committee today that Russia would boycott the debate on China's complaint of Soviet aid to the Chinese Communists.

He declared that the Chinese item on the agenda was merely a piece "of Kuomintang pettifoggery" and beneath the dignity of the United Nations.

For these reasons, the Soviet delegation would not take part in a discussion of this item and would not regard as "binding" any decision made by the Committee.—Reuter.

Panama's New President

No Recognition By United States

Washington, Nov. 25.—The State Department announced today that the United States has no diplomatic relations with Panama if Dr Arnulfo Arias is President. Dr Arias, an ex-President and leader of the Revolutionary Party, yesterday became the third political leader to be proclaimed President of Panama in the last five days.

He was declared President with the support of the police chief, Colonel Antonio Remon. Crowds acclaimed him in the streets.

Earlier yesterday the Supreme Court of Panama had held that Dr Chavis, deposed on Sunday by Colonel Remon's Police, was still constitutional President of Panama.

Last Sunday Dr Chavis was persuaded to resign after Colonel Remon and two senior police officials had defied a presidential decree dismissing them from office.

The Vice-President, Senor Roberto Chari, was immediately sworn in as President by the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court ruled that Senor Chari was only provisional President.

Addressing thousands of cheering people from the balcony of the Presidential Palace, Dr Arias said that his Government would maintain friendly relations with all countries and would give ample guarantees to capital, labour and industry.—Reuter.

Seventeen Polish Subjects Expelled

Paris, Nov. 25.—Seventeen Poles were expelled from France last night after police raids on Polish organisations in Paris and in the French provinces.

The French Ministry of the Interior announced today that documents seized revealed that the activity of the organisations was directed towards "economic and social sabotage."

"These organisations conducted a lively campaign against the Republican institutions of our country," the communiqué said.

The Poles expelled were driven to the frontier in a bus last night. It was learned at the Ministry.

The official communiqué added that, in all, 24 Poles were questioned.

The Ministry said that the expulsions followed inquiries at the headquarters of the organisations concerned.

ORGANISATIONS NAMED

These organisations were as follows:

The National Polish Council; the Organisation of Poles in France; the "Gauwadi" Polish Youth Association; the O.P.O. Association (Assistance to Poland); the B.H.P. Organisation (Polish Scouts); and the Union of Polish Women.

The expelled Poles included the following:

Raja Kowalski, Editor-in-Chief of the Gazette Poland in Paris, and a member of the O.P.O.; Madame Maria Molojec, whose task, according to the Ministry of the Interior, was to keep under surveillance Poles hostile to the present Warsaw Government; Etienne Sice, President of the National Polish Council; Madame Lucia Belabrecht, Secretary-General of the Union of Polish Women; Eljiaz Szurek, employee of the Polish Embassy; Nicolas Kaplan, member of the Polish Information Bureau; and Joseph Czekak, Secretary-General of the National Council of Poles in France.—Reuter.

PROTEST LODGED

Warsaw, Nov. 25.—The Polish government has formally protested to France against the arrest of 24 Polish citizens in Paris. It was announced today.

The note said, "According to information conveyed to the Foreign Ministry since yesterday, huge-scale political action is being conducted against Polish citizens and democratic organisations which have rendered immense services in the struggle for France's liberation."—United Press.



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MARCH SCOTT

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN

DAVID LEWIN'S
Spotlight spends a stop-watch day with JEAN SIMMONS...

ON HER OWN—IN A FADING SKY...

JEAN MERILYN SIMMONS—established as a star October 1947—comes of age in nine weeks.

It will not be necessary for the band to wait until January 31, her birthday, to play "21 Today." Jean Simmons—about the most valuable single picture asset left to her boss, Mr. Arthur Rank—has been celebrating in advance.

The "21 Today" trimmings have come already.

She has left her mother's six-roomed home in Golders Green; she has moved into her own four-roomed flat just off Oxford-street, near Marble Arch. Her phone number there will not be listed. At current fan rates it is worth about five other stars' numbers, for in the fading sky of British films our Miss Simmons is pretty well the only young star left.

She has bought a new 16 horse-power car—NFF 2—which she drives to the studio every day ("I did 90 yesterday").

She is no longer a girl who spends every night at home. Now she is seen in West End night clubs, she has had her picture taken with Orson Welles and other top-line stars, and because of the strain of her trip round Europe, she has started smoking—about 30 cigarettes a day. ("But sometimes I take only a few puffs.")

That's Jean Simmons at home. At the studios, where friendship with Stewart Granger was talked about long before it was known outside, she has grown up fast, too.

Not everything will be set by her today. She examines her script; is not so shy about making suggestions; wants to know who is to direct her—and exercised her veto for the first time on a director before starting her present film—*"The Power of Darkness"* (the last of the "P" series) in which she gets her longest screen part yet.

5.15 a.m.—Up

So when she starts furnishing her flat properly—up to now it has been just a couch and a rug—she has a room and a bathroom in the front room and not even a dressing-table or mirror in her bedroom—Spotlight moves in for a close-up.

The alarm clock—"its colour is sickly yellow at that hour"—rings at 5.15 in the morning. Fifteen minutes later Jean is pulled out of bed by her house-keeper, Mrs. Allen, who in a jersey and dark blue slacks, and stumbles down all steps to the front door, two flights below her flat.

The first 20 steps are uncarpeted—"the previous tenant took it away," explains Jean, "and I don't see why I should replace it."

She drives to the studio, picks up her hairdresser, Pearl Gardner, on the way, and at 6.45 the night policeman at Pinewood passes her in.

Just two hours later, after her hair has been washed and set, and she has been made up to look like a 20-year-old English girl at the end of the last century, she walks down the cold corridor to Studio E.

The technicians and her two directors on the film—yes, she has two this picture—are on the set.

9.0 a.m.—Treadmill

By nine she is on the treadmill—a steadily moving band—on which she walks but does not move a step while a previously filmed background of a Paris street is projected on a screen behind her.

"Just like a donkey with a carrot in front," says Jean, and goes on plodding. But at least she doesn't have any words to say. Just expressions.

By 9.45 she is released, and moves over to another set for a scene in the British Ambassador's office in Paris.

It is just about time for breakfast. It is served on a tray as she sits in a beach chair. What does she eat? Raw carrots, nuts, and grapes with ginger biscuits.

Then—down to work. Her first lines: "Surely you would have thought it strange a girl of my age travelling alone."

The two directors—Terence Fisher and Anthony Durrant—burst in. "What's funny?" asks Jean. "Just that," they say. "We're thinking of your car outside."

There are 120 words of dialogue for Jean. In this scene, not very much of it seems. But in the five hours that she

Her earliest film—almost forgotten now—includes: "Give us The Moon" and "The Emancipator." First star part in "Uncle Silas" October 1947.

3.0 p.m.—A Break

Work it out like this: Five times during rehearsal. Then another four while the scene is shot. A close-up—and another rehearsal before two takes. And again—and again.

By lunch time the words are mechanical. But she has an hour's break, and there is time to talk—"off the script."

The waiter serves "petit dejeuner a la fraincaise" (that's what the menu calls them), and the grown-up Miss Simmons talks—happily at first because these are just thoughts which don't often get said.

It's about taking her own flat, the biggest decision she has yet made. "I felt I had to do it," she says. "I was restless after coming back from Europe. Of course, nasty people said things but mummy saw the way I felt."

"Really, I see more of her now that I live by myself. Before, I hardly saw her at all."

5.30 p.m.—Temper

Some things she has learned. About plays, for instance. There will be no repetition of the "Power of Darkness" disaster, because Jean realizes now that she cannot hope to carry stage acting on her film name.

Next time she does a straight play—and there will be a next time—she wants her name to be well below the title. That way she can get the experience without the first-night pains.

After lunch, back to the set and the Paris of 1880 for the rest of the scene with the British Ambassador—Felix Aylmer.

It is tiring. The camera chooses new angles, but the words are the same. By 5.30 Jean is through. But there is still half an hour to go—just time to start rehearsing a new scene with Dirk Bogarde.

Just time, too, for a little temperment—the temperament that is always expected of a star.

Jean refuses to have stills taken because her hair is not done the way she wants it. She walks off the set, and is promptly sent back again by her hairdresser, Pearl Gardner. Says Jean: "You've spoiled my first temperment." But she has the stills taken.

8 p.m.—Home

By eight o'clock she is back home, sitting without shoes in front of the fire listening to gramophone records (Carmen, "The Merry Lime Theme" from "The Third Man") eating a light supper and going to bed at ten.

Friday is her night for going out—because there is no studio on Saturday morning. But sometimes she goes "crazy" in the middle of the week, visits a night club and tries to forget that at 5 a.m. that "sickly yellow" alarm clock will be worrying her again.

(London Express Service)

NO BALLYHOO

Hollywood's most interesting and unconventional visitor to London at the moment—Puerto Rican-born actor Ferrer—was not in the Royal Film Show.

The dullish list of American "entries" might have been brightened by his inclusion.

But Ferrer has made the trip without any ballyhoo publicity—though a month or so back West End cinema-goers were showing the liveliest curiosity about this newcomer.

His performance as the Dauphin in "Joan of Arc" all but stole the film from Ingrid Bergman.

DON JUAN AGAIN

In preparation: a West End musical about Don Juan, beginning in the present then jumping back to nights in the gardens of Spain 600 years ago.

Composer Jack Strachey, following discreetly in the steps of Mozart, is working on the show with Eric Maschwitz.

They have taken as a basis their radio play, "Lots of Love," which was broadcast in 1937.

There will be a new title; the radio one was appropriate but the collaborators felt, rather lacking in subtlety.

Eric Portman and Greer Garson were in that original version. For the new stage production, Strachey tells me, there may be two other film stars—who "see" themselves as Don Juan and his No. 1 love.

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HUSBAND AND WIFE

Hugh Beaumont, of Tennent Productions, is just back in London from New York where he attended the Alfred Lunt-Lynn Fontanne premiere of "I Know My Love."

"The trip was worth while. Mr. Beaumont tells me he has signed the Lunts to bring the play—adapted from a French comedy—to London immediately after the Broadway run."

The West End production cannot take place until well into next year.

Even as a long-term prospect, however, visit from the Lunts—most brilliant husband-and-wife stage team of modern times—is something to anticipate with pleasure.

Reference books give Essex-born Lynn Fontanne's age as nearly 62. Her latest Broadway performance, I gather, continues to make nonsense of this assertion—the envy of actresses half that age.

DOLLAR BAIT

Swedish star of American films, Signe Hasso, wants to



HER OWN FLAT FOR THE FIRST TIME—And dinner alone to end a working day which began at 5 a.m. and will end at 10 p.m.

5.30 p.m.—Temper

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DOLLAR BAIT

Swedish star of American films, Signe Hasso, wants to

5.30 p.m.—Temper

Some things she has learned. About plays, for instance. There will be no repetition of the "Power of Darkness" disaster, because Jean realizes now that she cannot hope to carry stage acting on her film name.

Next time she does a straight play—and there will be a next time—she wants her name to be well below the title. That way she can get the experience without the first-night pains.

After lunch, back to the set and the Paris of 1880 for the rest of the scene with the British Ambassador—Felix Aylmer.

It is tiring. The camera chooses new angles, but the words are the same. By 5.30 Jean is through. But there is still half an hour to go—just time to start rehearsing a new scene with Dirk Bogarde.

Just time, too, for a little temperment—the temperament that is always expected of a star.

Jean refuses to have stills taken because her hair is not done the way she wants it. She walks off the set, and is promptly sent back again by her hairdresser, Pearl Gardner. Says Jean: "You've spoiled my first temperment." But she has the stills taken.

8 p.m.—Home

By eight o'clock she is back home, sitting without shoes in front of the fire listening to gramophone records (Carmen, "The Merry Lime Theme" from "The Third Man") eating a light supper and going to bed at ten.

Friday is her night for going out—because there is no studio on Saturday morning. But sometimes she goes "crazy" in the middle of the week, visits a night club and tries to forget that at 5 a.m. that "sickly yellow" alarm clock will be worrying her again.

(London Express Service)

NO BALLYHOO

Hollywood's most interesting and unconventional visitor to London at the moment—Puerto Rican-born actor Ferrer—was not in the Royal Film Show.

The dullish list of American "entries" might have been brightened by his inclusion.

But Ferrer has made the trip without any ballyhoo publicity—though a month or so back West End cinema-goers were showing the liveliest curiosity about this newcomer.

His performance as the Dauphin in "Joan of Arc" all but stole the film from Ingrid Bergman.

DON JUAN AGAIN

In preparation: a West End musical about Don Juan, beginning in the present then jumping back to nights in the gardens of Spain 600 years ago.

Composer Jack Strachey, following discreetly in the steps of Mozart, is working on the show with Eric Maschwitz.

They have taken as a basis their radio play, "Lots of Love," which was broadcast in 1937.

There will be a new title; the radio one was appropriate but the collaborators felt, rather lacking in subtlety.

Eric Portman and Greer Garson were in that original version. For the new stage production, Strachey tells me, there may be two other film stars—who "see" themselves as Don Juan and his No. 1 love.

(London Express Service)

HUSBAND AND WIFE

Hugh Beaumont, of Tennent Productions, is just back in London from New York where he attended the Alfred Lunt-Lynn Fontanne premiere of "I Know My Love."

"The trip was worth while. Mr. Beaumont tells me he has signed the Lunts to bring the play—adapted from a French comedy—to London immediately after the Broadway run."

The West End production cannot take place until well into next year.

Even as a long-term prospect, however, visit from the Lunts—most brilliant husband-and-wife stage team of modern times—is something to anticipate with pleasure.

Reference books give Essex-born Lynn Fontanne's age as nearly 62. Her latest Broadway performance, I gather, continues to make nonsense of this assertion—the envy of actresses half that age.

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DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS . . BY DALI CUMMINGS

If only we could be sure Salome would be content with just these London Express Service

When that dangerous word 'Divorce' first crops up

THEY said she was a fool; the neighbours were unanimous about it. There on the kitchen table, when she came home from the pictures, had been the note. It said "they'd be much better apart" he was sorry but she would have no difficulty about getting a divorce.

And she had done nothing about it. Why should she? She still loved him. Was it, as the neighbours said, her selfishness? Or because she had made a promise to him many years ago "until death us do part, for better or worse"?

Her mind chased itself nightly with these problems, till tears and loneliness brought exhaustion and sleep.

Then the impossible had happened, what she was told could never be. He had come back to her eighteen months later, chastened. Disagreements had come between him and his mistress, as they had formerly sometimes come between husband and wife.

The Pattern

BUT this time there had been no marriage bond to hold them to each other through many little troubles and misunderstandings. Both were under the strain of pretending to their friends that they were in fact man and wife, they never knew when someone might be in their secret.



By Canon
HUGH C. WARNER
Vicar of Epsom, and the
man who wrote the new
Church of England booklet
giving frank advice to those
about to get married.

Affection cooled; the door to the husband's old home-life remained open, and he returned to his wife, with no recriminations, by his wife. Because both had suffered, their love found a new quality which sometimes only suffering can give.

That is a true story, some of its lessons need no underlining. As in every similar tragedy, there was a long story behind it.

When divorce, or even its possibility, first appears on the

horizon of a married life, it is the explosive point of a lengthy train of circumstances—subconscious, hardly definable, but destructive.

This alone should be enough to warn any couple against precipitate action at such a time.

Pride may so easily take control. "All right, if that's the way you feel about our marriage, you can have it." That is the perils of childishness, unworthy of an adult.

More likely, an injured wife or husband may tell a neighbour. The damage this may do cannot be over-emphasised. If, as would be usual, the neighbour, pledged to secrecy, passed on the information under similar pledges, it becomes the common property of the district.

When this has happened, how hard it is for the erring partner to change his or her mind. If relatives, too, become sharers of the secret, the "way back" may be even more hard, for emotions across the "in-laws" dividing line are notoriously violent.

What then should one do? Keep your mouth shut at such a crisis until you can confide in a wise minister, doctor, or marriage guidance counsellor while the talk is still in its early stages.

Some couples can get over their difficulties themselves

without consultation with a third person. If the reason for the break is some deep-rooted trouble, consultation is essential. Take two typical examples.

Here is Mrs A, driven to desperation because her husband's love is ponderous, unimaginative, and of the "taken-for-granted" kind. She longs for that spontaneous, light-hearted, eager wooing of their early married days.

She cannot explain it to him without so puzzling him that he just "gives it up." The informal friendship on the tennis court or dance-room floor with a young man, obviously attracted to her, suggests how much happier she would be as the recipient of his delightful attentions. In her pathetic ignorance, she thinks she will succeed with him.

Or Mr B. He has never quite got over the disappointment of being passed over in the office for a junior colleague where an important appointment was concerned. The thought "I'm a failure" is his inseparable companion.

His wife is so absorbed in keeping the home spotless that she is always on at him about his cigarette ash, his dishevelled newspapers lying about the place.

Another woman appears, flatters him, cajoles him, and gives him back his self-confidence. And off he goes.

The Solution

NOTICE that neither of these troubles could have been dealt with by the couples alone. For Mrs A. to tell her husband to be more spontaneous in his love-making would have scared him.

But for a wise counsellor to unravel the root cause of the trouble, and to suggest a remedy—without his wife being told what the remedy suggested was to be—makes a very different picture.

He will take her out, share his plans and her worries, bring back from the office little surprises, and give her those tokens of affection which were the glory of their courting days.

Mr B. is no better placed. He cannot go to his wife saying, "Do try to think there is something in me; make a little more of me, and let the house go hang occasionally." His wife would be appalled at his effrontery.

She could be advised, however, what little acts of appreciation and admiration might do to help her husband. She could be told how relatively unimportant "house-pride" is as an ingredient in a happy marriage.

The Warning

FINALLY, a word to those who think they will be giving their partner happiness by "releasing" him or her. Remember it is far more difficult to make a success of a second attempt. There are three reasons:—

(1) A sense of guilt in carried over into the second union, which may gnaw at the roots of happiness in new surroundings.

(2) A second union which starts in an act of adultery proves that the new partner cannot in future be trusted to be chaste with a mutual friend.

(3) The gaily partner meets the problems of his second marriage with the cheerless knowledge that he has failed once already.

So when the word divorce is first mentioned—if the door is still open, if the "way back" is clear—then the pull of old associations, of children, of security, of clean-living once again, all these may well prove irresistible.

(London Express Service)

WHAT'S GOING ON

By EPHRAIM HARDCASTLE

EXPECT a change in Western Union's top defence jobs.

Montgomery, Chairman of the Commander-in-Chief's Committee, and de Tassigny, Commander-in-Chief, Land Forces, will not have to nurture their uneasy fellowship much longer.

For in January Lord Tedder, Eisenhower's deputy during the war, hands over his job as British Chief of Air Staff.

He would then be free to take Montgomery's place, a post for which many Americans, Frenchmen, and Britons consider him well qualified.

There is Transatlantic criticism of Montgomery's achievements. Four American Ambassadors have made adverse reports.

Launched

In 1948 Mr Uffa Fox, small boat designer, launched the first of a line he called it a Flying Fifteen.

Now 75 sister boats have been built. The people of Cowes presented one to the Duke of Edinburgh. Christened Coweslip, it will be shipped to Malta next month.

And the news of Coweslip has gone on ahead. Next year there will be a class of Flying Fifteens to race against the Duke.

For Mr Fox has sold several sets of plans to yacht builders in Malta.

Lunched

Coweslip's builder had lunch as guest of the Duke at the Thursday Club last month.

This club was founded by a journalistic committee who used to meet at various restaurants once a week; it was their habit to talk long over drinks, lunch late.

But, after the war, when "late for lunch" often meant "no lunch," they chose an upstairs room, at Wheeler's as a permanent rendezvous.

There, every Thursday, about 20 of them drink stout and champagne, eat sea food, and linger over their port.

The Duke of Edinburgh went two years ago as guest of photographer Baron, enjoyed his visit so much that he applied for membership.

Shortly afterwards he introduced cousin David, Marquis of Milford Haven; he too became a member.

Untold story

Southwards from Venice, through Florence, to Rome, the news cameras trailed holiday-making Lewis Douglas and family, churning out a series of prints showing Sharran with the Earl of Westmorland.

Meanwhile they ignored the real romance going on under their noses. Of another of London's ambassadorial daughters.

Donna Luisa Gallarati-Scott, eldest daughter of the Italian Ambassador, has for two years been one of the most attractive and popular girls in London.

In Milan recently she married an Italian nobleman, Count Gerli.

From the shadows

During the war Mr Churchill recommended all members of Government to read Leopold Schwarzschild's "The World in Trance."

Recently Schwarzschild, embittered by the poor reception of his new book "The Red Prussian," and depressed by a skin disease which no one seemed able to cure, took poison, turned on the gas tap in his New York apartment, and waited for death.

But pain and disillusion are not over for this 60-year-old Jewish pacifist. Friends interrupted his suicide, and in hospital he was dragged back to life.

Book must wait

Authoress Doris Leslie is disappointed about the election decision.

Her new book, a life of Queen Anne's favourite Abigail Hill, titled "That Enchantress," is ready for the publishers.

But, because of its political slant—it deals with a time when Whigs and Tories were at each other's throats—she does not want to produce it before the election.

She has tantalisingly close contacts with the man who for this reason, controls the date of her book's appearance. For Mr Atlee is under the regular supervision of Miss Leslie's husband, nerve and heart specialist Dr Ferguson Hannay.



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Do you like a nice cup of tea? by Bernard Wicksteed

DO you like a nice cup of tea? If so, you are just the person to read this column, because I've been looking into this matter of tea.

Several gleeful teetotalers wrote to me recently. They'd read my column on whisky, and wanted to thank me for exposing the perils of the distillers who obtain alcohol from innocent grains of barley by means of a confidence trick. Well, they needn't be so smug, the teetotalers, because I find that tea-drinking is responsible for a form of botanical skulduggery as unkind as anything the distillers may do.

Did you know that every time you drink a cup of tea you were feasting on the crushed and withered hopes of a harmless plant whose one aim in life is to become a beautiful tree?

If left to itself the tea plant (Thea sinensis) would achieve its ambition and grow into a tree 30ft. or 40ft. high. But that wouldn't suit the cupidity of the tea planters. They wouldn't get enough leaves from a tree and they'd need a ladder to get those there were.

So from the age of about two the proud plant from the hill it grows into a stunted bush instead of a graceful tree. From then on, for 50 years perhaps, it lives a life of continual frustration.

As fast as it grows leaves they are plucked to make somebody a cup of tea, and every time it tries to grow a trunk along comes a man with a knife and cuts it off.

IT GIVES UP IN DESPAIR

ABOUT every two years the wretched plant begins to give up in despair, tired of the unequal contest. It stops mak-

ing tea leaves for itself or anybody else and mulls.

What does the cunning planter do then? He pretends to be sorry for the miserable object and instructs his pickers to leave it alone for a few months.

But the moment the bush has got its confidence back the whole business starts again, and it is plucked, plucked, plucked . . . 30 times a year.

Don't you begin to feel ashamed of yourselves, you tea drinkers? Every cup you have represents the strivings for a fortnight of a would-be tree. If one plant works as hard as it can for five years it makes only enough tea to fill a 1lb. packet.

BUSHES LIKE A WARM LAND

I MET a number of tea bushes when I was out in Ceylon earlier this year. They are overgrown and belong to the camellia family. If they had their own way they'd like to live in a warm country where they could grow lush leaves at a great rate.

However, that sort of leaf doesn't make the best tea, so the planters take the bushes up into the mountains, where the ultra-violet rays and cool winds slow down the rate of growth and improve the flavour.

Naturally, an industry like this appeals to the baser instincts of man, and when planters in Ceylon first embarked on their careers they are not called learners or pupils but creepers.

Besides creepers, the industry attracts poachers. Tea poaching is quite a business in Ceylon. There are whole villages that live by it. On moonlight nights they sneak into your plantation, picking your tea leaves by the sackful. When you try to chase them they simply dissolve in the

scenery, and next day your stolen leaves have gone into the tea market—the black tea market, of course.

Tea, as you know, originally grew wild in India and China. There it lived a full and happy life, unhampered by the greed of man.

To cover themselves for their subsequent ill-treatment of the plant the Indians have invented a mythical origin of tea.

They say there was a philosopher who vowed to keep sober for seven years. After four years he began to feel a bit drowsy, and cut off his eyelids to help stay awake. Miraculously, the cast-off eyelids grew into plants with a leaf that kept him alert till the end of his vigil.

The first mention of tea in literature was by a 4th century Chinese named Kuo Po, but there was nothing about it in English till 1598, when it was described in the translation of a book by a Dutchman, named Hugo Van Linschooten.

No one took much notice of Hugo until 12 years later, when the first samples arrived in Europe and proved that, in spite of his name, he wasn't a line-shooter.

TOO GOOD, HE SAID, FOR THE POOR

SINCE then various people have tried to expose tea. There was a Lord President Forbes, who thought it too good for the poor, and wanted a law passed making it available to the upper classes only.

Others who have held somewhat similar views include John Wesley, the divine.

Have I picked your conscience? Well, remember, all those millions of bushes suffering for your sake.

(London Express Service)

Garden Fete

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Organised By The Women's Auxiliary

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THE Chief of Air Staff designate, Air Chief Marshal Sir John Slessor (right), is seen on his arrival at Queen's Pier last week. Present to meet him were the GOC-in-Chief, Lieut-Gen. Sir Robert Mansergh, in centre, and the AOC, Air Commodore A. D. Davies, on the left. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

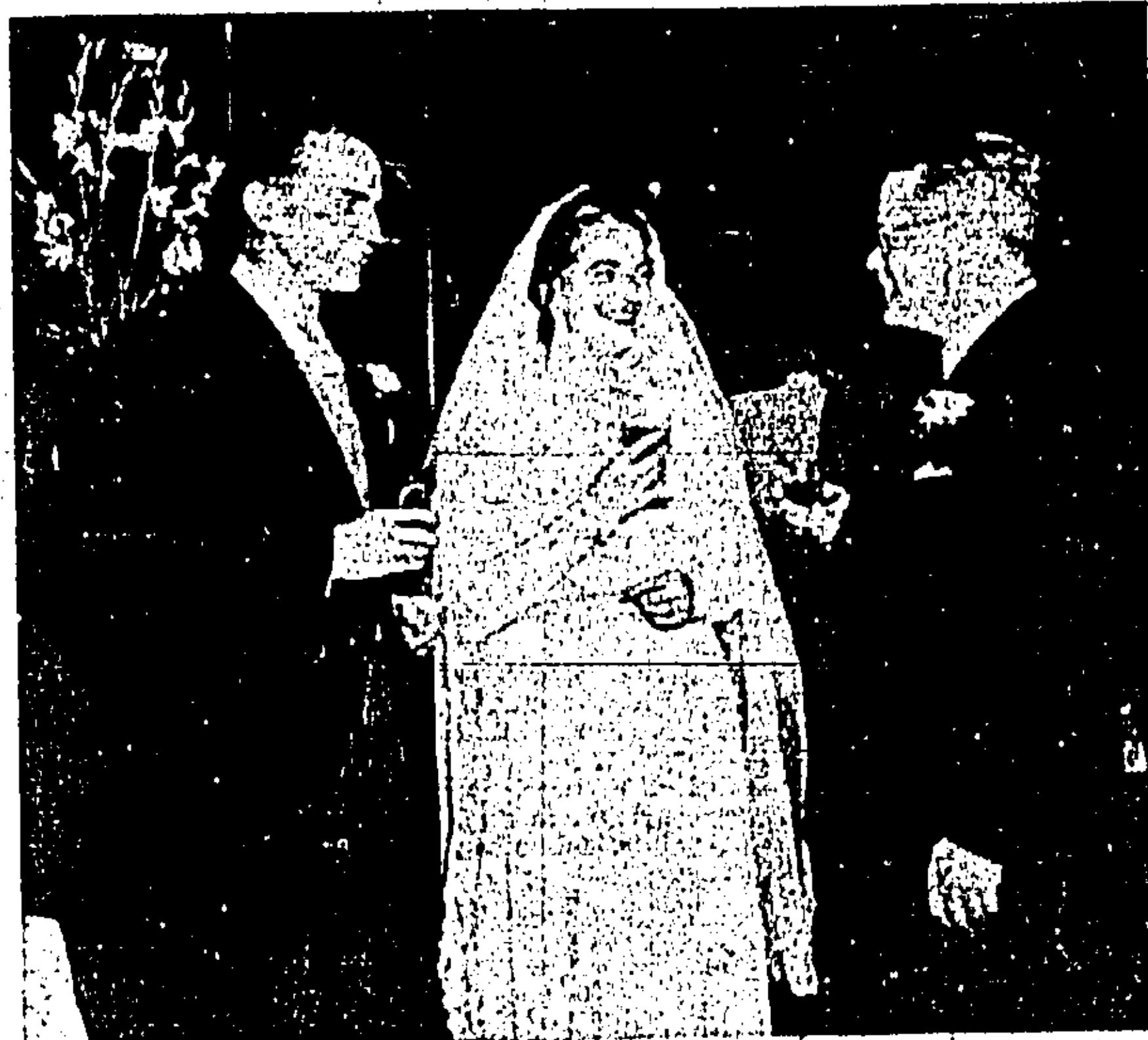


HE the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, inspecting the Weihaiwei Contingent of the Hongkong Police Force on Wednesday. The Governor presented a cup to the Contingent for being the smartest at the recent annual Police review. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



SCENE at the Ritz last week when Filipino residents of Hongkong gathered to celebrate the birthday and election of President Elpidio Quirino. Below are some of those at the official table. Second from right is the Philippine Vice-Consul, Mr Benito M. Bautista. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

HELPERS at the Garden Fete organised by the Women's Auxiliary of the Society for the Protection of Children, to be held at Flagstaff House on Tuesday, will be dressed in their own national costumes. On the right is Miss Elizabeth Robertson as an American cowgirl. Below are Miss Ineko Zwan, Master Andries Enklaar and Mrs B. Koolhaas in Dutch costumes. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



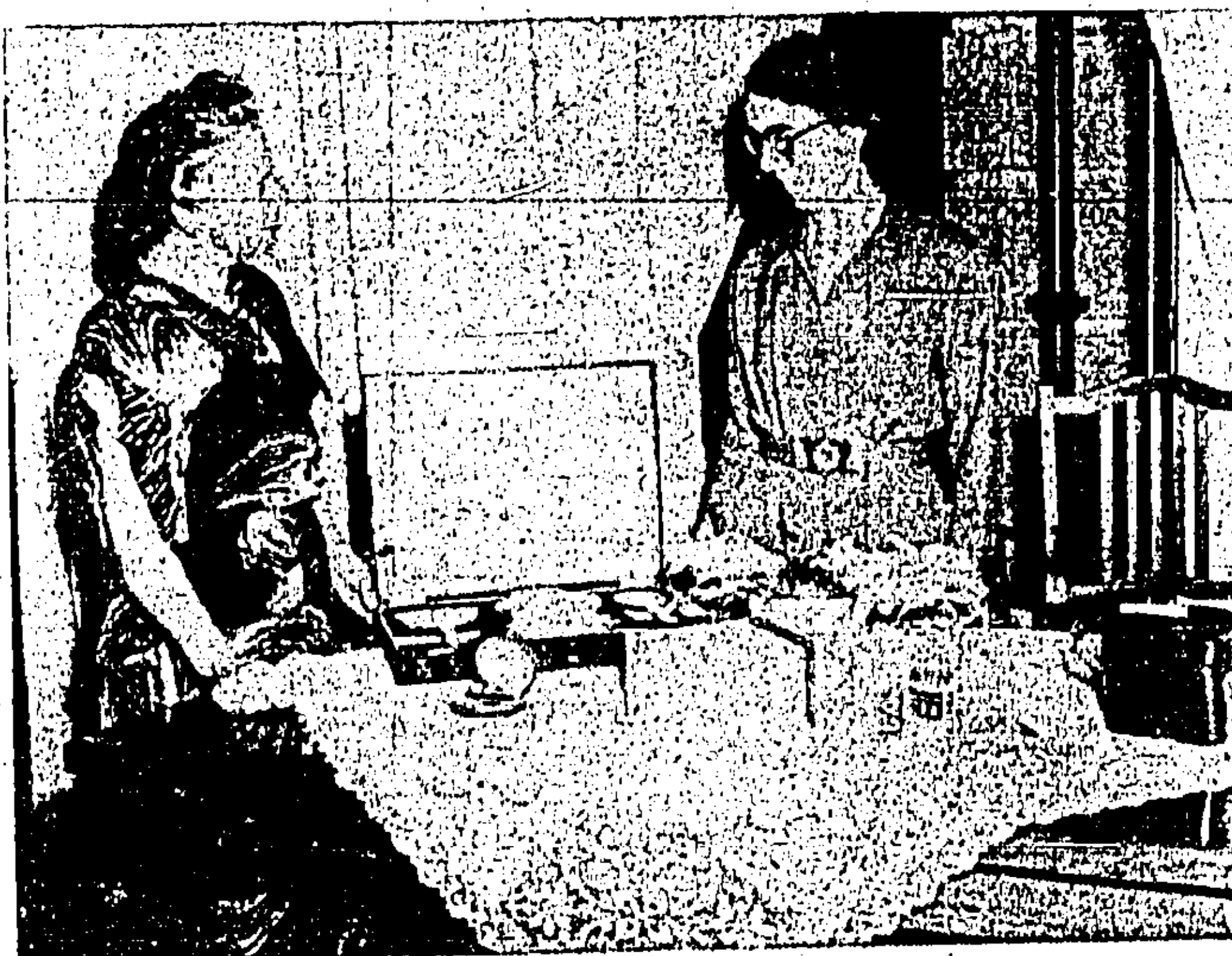
MR Christian F. von Sydow and his bride, the former Norma Joan Hopkins of Spokane, Washington, seen with the U.S. Consul-General, Mr Karl L. Rankin (right), at the reception following their wedding last Saturday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken after the wedding at the Rosary Church last week of Mr Elycio Antonio dos Remedios Alves and Miss Vivian Hazel Castro. (Golden Studio)



MRS Rodney Doust in the Grecian costume she will wear as a helper at Tuesday's Garden Fete at Flagstaff House in aid of the S.P.C. (Ming Yuen)



MISS I. N. Watkins (right), who is retiring as Principal Matron of the Medical Department after 23 years' service, is seen with her successor, Miss M. L. Everett, and the farewell gifts presented to her by her colleagues at a ceremony on Tuesday. Below is a group taken on the occasion. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

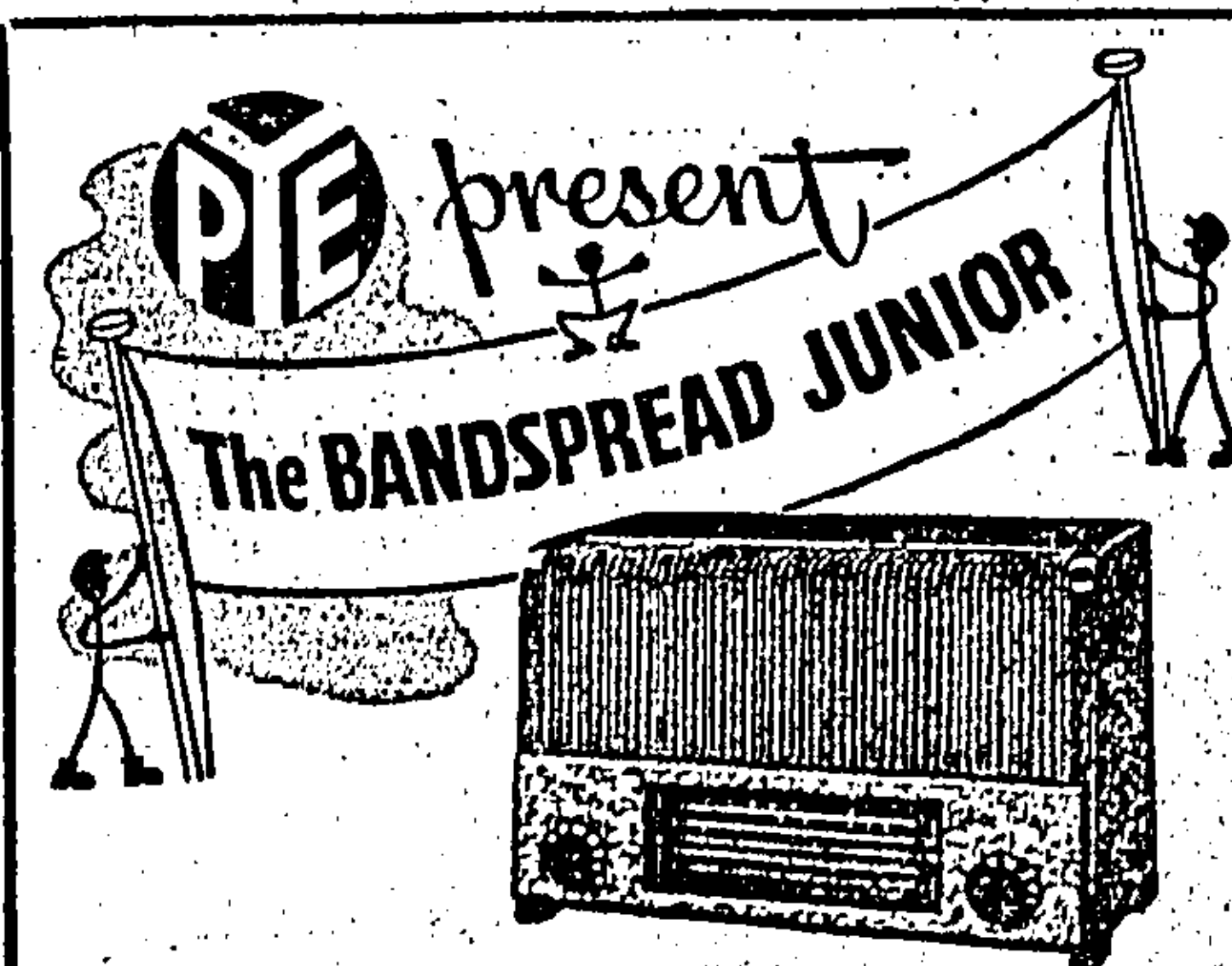


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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

What Men Dislike In Women

By HELEN FOLLETT

YOUR good looks reporter has been asking members of the stern sex what they particularly do not like about feminine appearance and just what elements of beauty appeals to them most.

A college boy of nineteen says with much emphasis that he thinks every girl should have short curly hair, that when a young woman wades up her wool into knots on the top of her head she looks like something that should be filed away in the old family photograph album. "There is something nice and casual about the short crop," he said. "You don't visualize a girl standing in front of the mirror for an hour building a skyscraper."

Claw-Like Nails

A middle aged husband says that his pet peeve has to do with long, claw-like finger nails. He claims they look murderous and ugly. He has never liked bright red nail polish and never will but that does not mean anything in his family. On his beloved wife's hands are ten glowing stop lights. She says she likes to discipline him.

The mate of the species is still protesting against excess make-up and he does not consider it a joy or a privilege to see his best girl give herself a complexion and lip touch-up after dinner at table. He thinks she should retire to make herself a new face.

An elderly man made an interesting remark. He says that there aren't any young girls any more. Just women and children. It seems he has learned that the lipstick privilege belongs to the girl of fourteen and when the ruby veneer goes on he says that girlhood is disguised. If it has not completely evaporated and the sweet young thing looks like a grown woman.

What About Perfume?

On the subject of perfume there seems to be pretty much of an agreement. If it is sweet and subtle it is all right. If it whams you on the nose, away with it; the healthy smell of soap and water is better than an overpowering aroma.

Perfect grooming means working at it every day, not just making a big fuss, when preparing for a date. Daintiness of appearance isn't something that we are born with—a gift of looking just so—but a habit, systematic care of the body, complexion, hair, finger nails. Not only that, but one must take care of one's wardrobe, see that every detail of dress is spotless, never lacking a stitch or a button.

Good grooming is a large part of the good looks formula. Without it, the most beautiful of creatures is unattractive. "Carole's disarray" just doesn't get one any place, no matter what the time of day, what the occasion. Even the teen-age cuties who used to wear blue jeans and shirts with the tails hanging out, have come to that conclusion.

Betty Wilson's Paris Column Classical Greek hair styles

PARIS. OVERNIGHT Paris has become a city of side-shows meant to trap the Parisian rather than the vanishing tourist—and all levelled at women.

Within a ten minutes' radius of the Place de la Concorde (where chestnuts are pulling off the disconcerting Paris trick of coming out full summer bloom in the middle of reddened autumn foliage), women can pick up tips on every beauty and necessary angle—from hats and hair-dos to furs and foot-wear, with side excursions into how to arrange flowers and the best ways of cooking sea food.

Starting at the top... Guillaume, who has coiffed every beautiful and/or well-known head in the last decade, launches two new hair colours and three new hair styles.

For blondes, he likes an over-laid tint called "Sambura," which tips curls or streaks straighter hair with ash-blond or platinum-blond highlights. For brunettes (coming back into fashion), Guillaume suggests a nice dark mahogany—called "Black Tulip."

Guillaume's new hair-dos (shown by top mannequins from Christian Dior, Pierre Balmain, Jacques Fath and Jean Dessès) are all based on the neat-headed hair styles favoured by Greek statues (much easier to keep up than your hair happens to be in).

These are "Eros" soft, silky curls clustered around the brow, "Satyr" (light curls quirked into horns on either side of a centre parting), and "Diane" (curving like petals over the forehead). The front movement throughout is curved over and forward.

The back of the head is shaded, sweeping down to one, two or three points, following the natural hairline.

Guillaume likes "Diane" best for night. Sometimes he adds a height-giving bow made from a catching hair, or maybe a neatly folded bow made of pearl or garnet mesh.



Tartan wool shoes and wool clocked stockings.

Greeting Of Spring



The 1950 Spring is on the way and here is the suit to greet it, a Dior-inspired "jumper suit" by Derets with bloused back and pencil skirt. The blouse can be worn either loose or belted. The suit is in the gabardine which is sure to be a top favourite after Christmas.

Or, says Guillaume, you can wear any old pearl or diamond necklace on top of your hair-do as a colf... or add a couple of diamond-set clips to keep up your Satyr-like curls.

Mannequins showing these hair-dos wore the most glamorous dresses from the biggest houses—including Jacques Fath's silvery satin, with buttoned-in side-panels of pleated mignone, and Christian Dior's strapless and short skirted dinner dress in heavy platinum-grey satin banded with smoky crystal and pearl embroidery.

A mannequin wore this with Jacques Fath's short black dinner dress, with stiffened tulle peplum dipping into a train behind, placed a five-inch-long matching clip on the back of a carelessly wrinkled glove.

On the Hat Front... movement is inclined to soar up as far as the modistes are concerned; it is flattened out for everyone who buys their hats where they buy their dresses. (Paris dress designers say a hat should be created by the house which made the dress with which it is to be worn; Paris modistes do not agree).

General trend is to dip on one side, hugging one ear; showing the other ear beneath a forward-swept hair-do.

Luxury is the word for the new Paris furs.



Guillaume's new "Satyr" hair-do.

There is an encouraging tendency to straighten out sable or mink coats.

Newest idea is to line a whittled-away dark mink coat with ermine and give it an ermine-lined hood scattered with diamond stars.

The International Wool Secretariat (headquarters: London) enjoyed great success with their "Quinzaine de la Laine" (Wool Fortnight). Parisians could hardly get away from wool for two weeks.

Its virtues were blazoned from posters, buses, and every Paris-stamped envelope.

Parisians have seen... neat Oxford shoes with uppers made of crocheted wool motifs... tulle gloves with flaring gannets applied with rose-coloured wool crochets... pyramidal coats made from what looks like a length of bright plaid tweed, but which is knitted by hand.

—(London Express Service)

by Lorna Westall Spotlight On Sports Clothes

LONDON. A WINTER-SPORTS collection, you might think, is hardly designed to have global appeal. Those of us who cannot ski walk quickly past vorlage trousers and new all-metal skis, trying to look as if we couldn't care less about them. The fact that 40,000 people from Great Britain alone visited Switzerland last year is not of particular interest to

sunbathers in Rio or surf-riders in Sydney. But in Lillywhites' showing of winter-sports models: recently, I noticed many ideas which would interest both the travel-wise and the sports woman.

Ski clothes are not, as you might imagine, of eskimo thickness. On the contrary, they are especially designed for lightness. For beach-wear, golf, sailing and general sports use, I recommend a material which



Trained Together: grey and burgundy check rayon blouse by Doris Hart; grey bartha tailored waist-coat and burgundy gaberdine slacks by Lillywhite.

has not, on the whole, been much associated with sports clothes—bartha. It is light, tailors well, and is hard-wearing. I liked a pair of grey, smartly cut bartha slacks with a fitted waist-coat to match. In the photograph you see the waist coat contrasted with burgundy coloured gaberdine trousers.

"Odd" Jackets

There was a wide range of "odd" jackets, which are indispensable travelling and sporting companions. For flying and sea-voyaging, a Cumberland home-spun jacket in checked wool would be a comfort. And lighter weight corduroys would not only brighten any travelling outfit, but are distinctive enough to be worn for any occasion. All jackets have the current emphasis on collars, which are big and Byronic, and on a full, loose back-swing.

We are told that "In olden days a glimpse of stocking was considered as something shocking." While in recent years the couturier in general and Christian Dior in particular have tended to hide the stocking, the sports designers have gone to the other extreme. Some sports skirts are brief to a degree, and now we are given tartan underpants to wear with pur tartan pleated skirts.

Tartans, incidentally, are still well to the fore in all this season's London shows. Feared with the corduroy jacket in the photograph is a tartan sling bag, roomy enough for tickets and passport. Luggage has gone tartan too. Gay tartan canvas "travelling bags" are bound with hide.

Zip, Zip

If you prefer travel clothes for their comfort and do not wish to slip right into a cocktail party at the other end, or go straight from golf-course to dinner-date, I suggest you invest in a wind-jammer. There are many new designs in suede, wool or shower-proof poplin. The drab, mackintosh cape belongs to a dead age. 1949 presents tailored zip-fastened, or brightly buttoned jackets made in brilliant red, green, yellow or blue shower-proof poplin. A Grenville model has zip-pockets which are placed slant-wise, and a draw-string waist which adjusts to fit the individual figure. The hood is attached, but when not in use, folds neatly down inside the collar. When needed, it lies under the chin with the same draw-string motive used at the waist. It is proof against rain and draught.

Among other details I noticed reversible woollen scarves in startlingly gay colours—emerald, for instance, on one side, and buttercup on the other; brightly striped, light-wool waisted sweaters (sloppy Jones are definitely on the way out), and checked rayon sports shirts which did not look like rayon. In the past there has been a bogey about rayon. Sometimes it has had too glossy a finish.

In Paris dresses are shorter than ever DUET FOR 2 SKIRTS

by Ellen Aisroft

THREE-piece suits are more popular than ever. I have seen excellent examples in the utility range in wool suitings, tweeds and whipcords. The skirt worn with the matching topcoat and a blouse or jumper gives a separate outfit... a welcome idea in these days of budget wardrobes.

One particularly nice model costs 14 guineas for the three pieces (pencil-slim skirt cut away jacket and three-quarter swaggar coat, with wide cuffed sleeves and high Dior pockets), in colours, including pink sable, Watteau green and string.

Novelty suit

A novelty suit idea is one jacket and two skirts, one slim, one knife-pleated. Smart example of this is a black jacket with tartan lapels, a pleated tartan skirt, and a black, slim-fitting alternative skirt, with tartan trimming.

Utility wool jersey jumper suits, with bloused backs (introduced in the autumn by Christian Dior), are going to be much in demand. Attractive new colours for jersey are red clay, quartz pink and quartz mauve.

New suit materials include shower-proof tweeds and a smart hardware cavalry twill. Buckles are frequently used to fasten jackets and cuffs instead of buttons.

A welcome addition to the utility line are wool jersey dresses with matching jackets. Two models starred in my notebook at about 25 were a dark sage green dress with matching

"Duet Suit" in gay tartan tweed has alternative skirts one pleated, one straight.

stole fastened through the belt with a one-ended pocket to match the dress's one hip pocket, and a high-necked, short-sleeved light sage green dress with a dark sage box jacket with three-quarter sleeves.

"Shorter-than-ever skirts," writes Betty Wilson from Paris.

Jacques Fath models touch the upper calf for all day and most evening occasions.

In a bid to sleep up American buyers' visits from two to four a year, Fath goes back to the pre-war Paris tradition of showing spring styles in November and includes four full summer numbers.

One of these is a brass canary yellow mouseline day dress with long sleeves and open shirt neck which is finely pleated from a plain yoke.

A big black lace hat turns up sharply at the back and is worn with this.

Spring coats in Paris are built on the casual belted line of the trench coat, worn with the collar turned up as if in a driving rain-storm. But the fabrics are luxurious, including gold "tree bark" lame, stiffened white lace and pale sweet-pea coloured slipper satin.

"Drainpipe" dresses have backless halter necklines or strapless sequin-embroidered bodices under bolero jackets.

Short and sweet

Unusual "bouquet" for Princess Margaret at the big millinery show at the Dorchester Hotel was a Dutch bonnet of real flowers designed by her own milliner, Ange Thaurup.



Latest hat trimmings are made from maple, heron and vulture feathers.

Perfume bottle car-rings are a new idea in jewellery from Steiner. They contain perfume blended from 68 different essences, and have a perfume bottle for pin to match.

Beautiful fine silk scarf designs include a ballet motif "Le Lac des Cygnes," a riot of spring flowers called "Tulip Time," an old Chelsea China pattern and one called Florentine Vase.

Party styles

Party styles for the very junior miss include a saucy version of "Gorgeous Gussy" pants, pastel silk dresses with matching bibs, and Scotch plaid cotton three-pieces with elasticated pants and tops and button-through over-skirts.

Newest dress material is a shot worsted, which looks like silk.

Cheapest party drink for a cold night is claret cup—here are two recipes each:

1.—Put 2 slices of lemon, 5 lumps of sugar and a bottle of claret into a saucepan. Boil and serve hot.

2.—Pour a bottle of claret into a saucepan, add a lemon fine chop and add to claret. Add half a bottle of water, sugar to taste and heat.

—(London Express Service)

DRESS WEAR for the COMING SEASON.

DRESS SHIRTS
stiff or soft fronts.
DRESS COLLARS
in quarter sizes.
DRESS VESTS
backless marcella.
DRESS SHOES
patent or glaze.
DRESS SOCKS
short or full length.
DRESS BRACES
white or black moire.

Ties studs garters links

MACKINTOSH'S

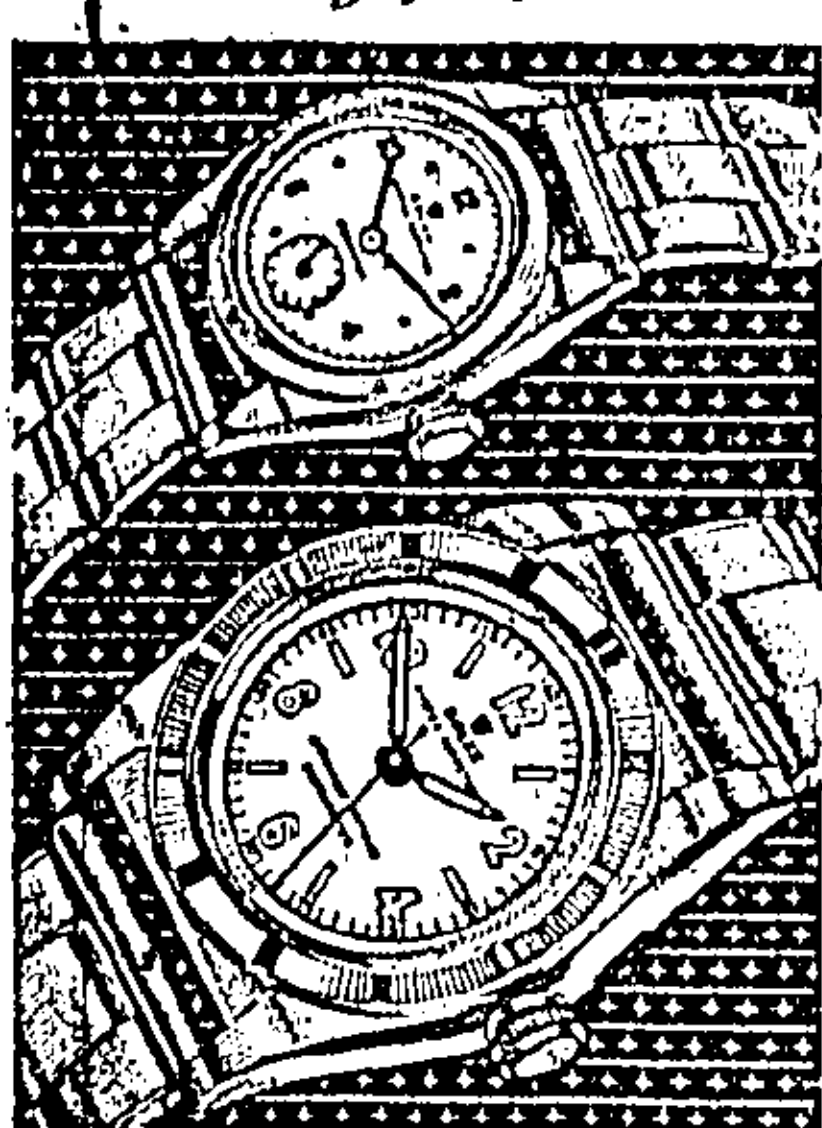
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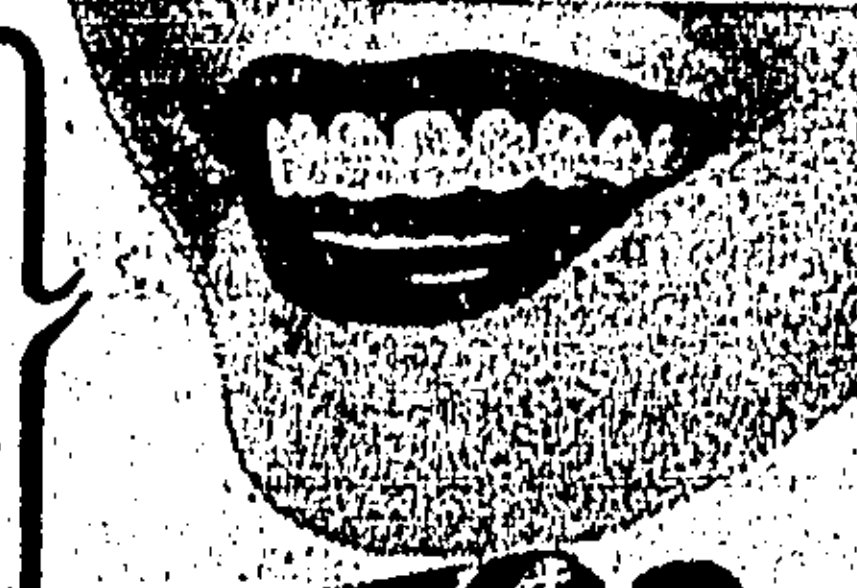
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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

Free Use Of
Unusual
Colours

IN the majority of displays of model rooms in America one feature is that contemporary and traditional pieces have been nicely mixed and balanced to live side by side.

Since so many households, especially those of newly-weds, have stashed various pieces there, the years any additions that are made, want to conform or fit in with the existing decor. So the new displays offer nice suggestions in that direction.

Colour Schemes

Much interesting work with colour is noted. In one display violet, a shade not often encountered in the average home, has been excellently handled. In one room it has been combined with light blue and dark green, and in another it blends beautifully with pale pink, without looking like a stage setting.

Violet antique satin is used for a bedspread but it is not embellished with draperies or dressing table skirts as this would be overdoing it. Instead, the dust ruffles of the spread and the draperies are in chintz printed with a floral bouquet in pink, purple, green and chartreuse. The violet satin is used to upholster a pair of small slipper-chairs. The whole thing, with carpet of green and bon bon pink painted walls is a colourful delight.

Dining Space

To make a dining space in a living room, one decorator came upon an old hunt table of semi-circular design. This was sawed in two, with one half set against a mirrored wall, and large enough to serve four nicely. The other half serves as a hall console table.

A most interesting room is a library study that could very easily double as a living room. One wall is taken up by book cases and shelves except for a square panel that holds a fine modern painting. A cabinet with a fluorescent lighted glass top holding growing plants is set against this wall, and the grouping is simply beautiful.

Furnishings include a revolving television chair and an ottoman, both upholstered in terra cotta velvet fabric. Other furnishings include a pair of modern kidney-shaped seats upholstered in gold and pale green damask with a glint of gold metallic threads. There is a modern mahogany table finished in cordovan leather. A traditional mahogany chair and a step table in black with white ribbings, are placed against the black book cases. The top of the table holds a fibre glass shade, while the bottom section is the spot for a lustre curtain and small cups on a round black and gold tray.



CHARMAIN EVE is the 3-year-and-one-month old daughter of Mrs. Stephanie Kerans, wife of the Amethyst hero, seen with her here. She can say sentences of six words, loves animals, lives in Devon.

How (b)right is your
3-year-old?

BY three, your "angel child" has gone, and in its cherubic place has appeared an assertive, often mischievous personality.

Twenty small white teeth are in the firm mouth, and what they will eat is not always what mother desires. Not so much palate but sheer awakens independence will refuse spinach, fish or meat without any apparent reason whatsoever.

The three-year-old can stand on tiptoe for three seconds.

Uses the personal pronoun "I" no longer "Mary wants," but "I want."

Speaks in short sentences, not single words.

Averages 35 inches in height.

(Interesting test at this age is that double present height is said to be an indication of full eventual growth. Three feet now will be a six-foot man later on.)

Can walk two miles without muscle strain.

Needs 1,300 calories a day and can cope with the more "windy" vegetables such as onions, turnips, sweet peas.

Sleeps 13 hours in the 24.

Can remember a four-lined rhyme if repeated regularly each week.

Hums fast without tumbling.

Can jump three inches off the ground.

Listens to a story but likes it personal.

Begins to dress and undress, managing undoing of buttons and patent fasteners.

Has occasional fits of rebellion to test its own power. Slight varying of routine will overcome tantrums, argument will not.

Prefers to play with toys that he can move—such as pushing animals on wheels, rolling ball down track, shunting bricks, or lifting cubes in and out of slots.

Fix a large piece of brown paper at chest level on wall, and give three-year-old a piece of coloured chalk. An almost perfectly drawn circle will be one of the results.

*** IS YOUR child backward, bright, or precocious? To help you make an estimate, here is a check-off chart based on ten year's experience of what bright children can do.

*** THIS WEEK the personal touch is given by the wife of Commander John S. Kerans. She has marked the card for her daughter Charmain. Now check up on your own 3-year-old.

(This skill grows less as the child gets older.)

Can carry plate safely.

Is able to get upstairs and downstairs without falling.

(N. B. American children can rarely do this until six years old owing to use of lifts in towns and bungalows in countryside.)

Can wink each eye in mimicry.

Head now 10 inches (only 2 inches less than full growth).

Chest 20 inches.

Weight 31-33lb.

Still has excellent resistance to infectious diseases.

Shows jealousy at arrival of new baby unless asked to co-operate in some way.

Plays alone with toys even with other children present. Sense of possession beginning.

Loves —

1. Pulling tops off bright flowers.

2. Climbing on chairs, boxes, and carts.

Has no natural fear of horses, dogs.

Does not mind the dark.

Enjoys bath and water in any form.

—(London Express Service)

Make It
Unbreakable!

By ELEANOR ROSS

HERE are some good glassware hints.

Mr. Marshall Rogers, who is going to write a book on glassware, insists that any glassware, if given proper treatment should last indefinitely. Since he must pack and unpack his own 26-glass set while on tour, he is an authority on the subject.

Absorbent Material

Instead of the mess of myriads of paper ribbons strewn all over the floor, plus the chance of cracked and broken pieces, Rogers suggests that you buy some flannel or any other absorbent material and sew it into little pockets in which to insert these paper glasses. Or, get some corrugated cardboard from your grocer and wrap a strip completely around each glass, fastening with a rubber band, string or tape. Both these methods may take a little time, but are well worth it, especially for very fine pieces.

If paper is used, make sure each glass is wrapped in at least three sheets. In any case, set them upside-down and side by side in your packing case; don't lay them lengthwise. And, says Marshall Rogers, never use barrels to pack glassware or china. Safest containers are cartons — the grocery store kind.

Hot water is taboo for washing glassware, says the expert. Soapy lukewarm water, followed by a warm rinse will do a proper cleaning job, with little or no danger of cracking. To dry, place upside-down on some soft material, such as towelling, but not on an enamel drainboard or similar hard surface which may tend to scratch the rims.

Lint on Glass

Here's a cure for those pesky, sticky pieces of lint left on glasses after they are dried. Best material to use for kitchen towels is plain ordinary cotton goods—even an old bedsheet will do fine. It is extremely absorbent, practically lint-free and inexpensive, too. For these unusually tall glasses with openings too narrow for cleaning or drying, a simple trick is to tie a strip of material around a long stick, insert it in the glass and slowly revolve it.

For your "good" glassware, used for special occasions, the idea is to wash them about once every two months. No matter how carefully stored, a certain amount of dust and grease is bound to accumulate. When placing glasses on the shelf, never put them so close to each other that they touch. Let each glass stand clear, and upside-down. When buying glassware always run your finger lightly over the glass, and use a magnifying glass to check any possible scratch or chip. Although most drinking glasses are factory inspected before being shipped, there's always a chance that there may be scratches or chips sustained while on display or in handling.

Test your aches
this way

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

DOCTORS have thought up a simple test to guide you towards freedom from many of those minor pains which nag the sparkle out of life. Try it yourself:—

Stand as you do normally—not as you would for a parade-ground inspection—with feet together and hands by your sides. Then get someone to hold a plumb-line from the point of your shoulder and tell you exactly how it hangs in relation to your hip-joint, knee and ankle.

If the plumb-line falls in front of the ankle, as it does on girl No. 1 in the sketch, the doctors warn that the odds are you will suffer—if you don't already—from recurrent backache.

The only way to put things right, they say, is to adjust your posture so that the plumb-line falls as it does on girl No. 2—through the centre of each joint.

To remedy the defects shown by the plumb-line test, U.S. specialists prescribe the system of exercises you see on the right. (If you already get backache you should get your doctor's assurance that it is not due to something more serious before doing the exercises.)

About 85 percent of all back-aches are due to bad posture, the American doctors estimated at a medical conference recently. Hunched shoulders, a swayed back and a sagging stomach strain the muscles and ligaments which support the spine. And they tilt the bony framework from which the legs are slung.

Why do many more women than men have faulty posture? I think high-heeled shoes are largely to blame. Naturally enough, the leading woman doctor at the conference—DR. JANET TRAVELL—disagrees. She blames the chair designers. "The common straight-backed chair pushes the body forwards into a round-shouldered slump," she says. "The chair should slope back between 15 and 20 degrees from the vertical."

What about housewives, Dr. Janet? Surely they are the most frequent sufferers from backache. And those I know seem to do little sitting down in any kind of chair.

DREAMLAND

PROOF that we dream only in the half-waking state is provided by the way real events taking place around us while we sleep obtrude themselves into our dream-world, says London University's DR. GEOFFREY BOURNE.

"Sensations which during the day may cause no more than a passing thought may give rise to dreams filled with the most exciting events," he writes.

After a recent experience at an old inn in Newbury, Berks, I heartily agree with him.

I was having a nightmare in which I was held prisoner by an evil-looking character who threatened to slit my throat with a knife. Mustering some courage I shouted, "If only I could get my hands free..." Then I felt his hot, horrible breath as he yelled mockingly, "If, if, if..."

At that moment I awoke, to find I could hear a real voice chanting the same derisive "If, if, if..." in the darkness.

NOTE TO FATHERS

by Anne Edwards

ONE famous father has dedicated a book to his family with these words: "This little book is my apology, my bit of penitence, for having grumbled so much, for having darkened the breakfast table, almost ruined the lunch, nearly silenced the dinner party."

The book recounts over a hundred small delights that the author has enjoyed in his lifetime, "but perhaps too frequently in secret." Among them he lists:—

Answering back—when you have a beautiful clear case.

The unexpected arrival of the Sunday newspapers in the country.

Doing nothing—when one ought to be doing everything.

Planning travels. "Travel itself seems to me now a very dubious enterprise."

Discovering once again how small the world is. (The widow we met in Egypt is the cousin of the woman at the next table.)

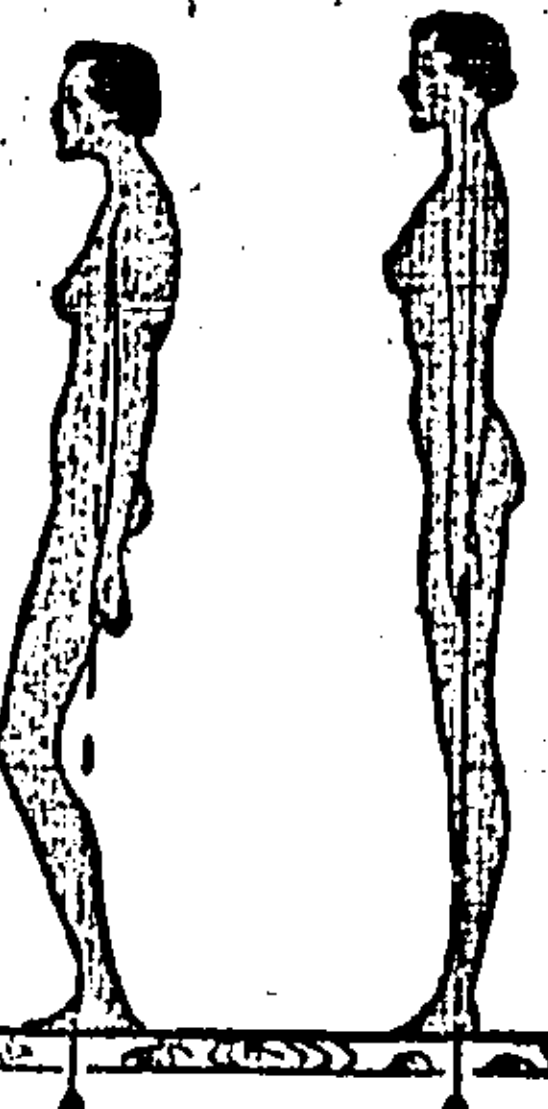
Waiting up just in time to smell coffee and bacon and eggs.

Shopping in small towns and villages.

Reading detective stories in bed.

The delight known to age and beyond the grasp of youth—that of Not Going to a party.

"Delight," by J. B. Priestley. Published by Heinemann, 10s. 6d.



If the plumb-line falls in front of the ankle, you had better start this.

EXERCISE

ONE... TWO... THREE

1. LIE on back with knees bent, hands by sides. Flatten the lower part of the back against the floor.

2. STAND with heels four to six inches from the wall. Flatten the lower part of the back against the wall.

3. LIE on back with arms overhead, rise to sitting position and touch toes.

It took me some time to calm my instinctive terror sufficiently to realise that the source of the sound was the landlord's aged dog coughing huskily outside my bedroom door.

EXIT IRON

AN accurate analysis of human sweat, scientists have discovered it contains quite large quantities of iron. About 13 percent of all the iron we take in with our food is lost in sweat, they report. In hot climates the loss may be as high as 37 percent.

TAIL-EYE

CLOSE students of subterranean life say that a mole's absurd-looking pink tail turns out to be as important as its snout for detecting what goes on in the pitch-dark earth.

To the purblind mole reversing along its burrow the sensitive tail serves as an "eye in the back of the head." (Without it the creature would be hard put to find the 40,000 insects and worms it has to eat every year.)

It seems that digging hangs so heavily on the mole's mind that the creature goes through the motions of making molehills even in its sleep.

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WINTER HANDBAGS

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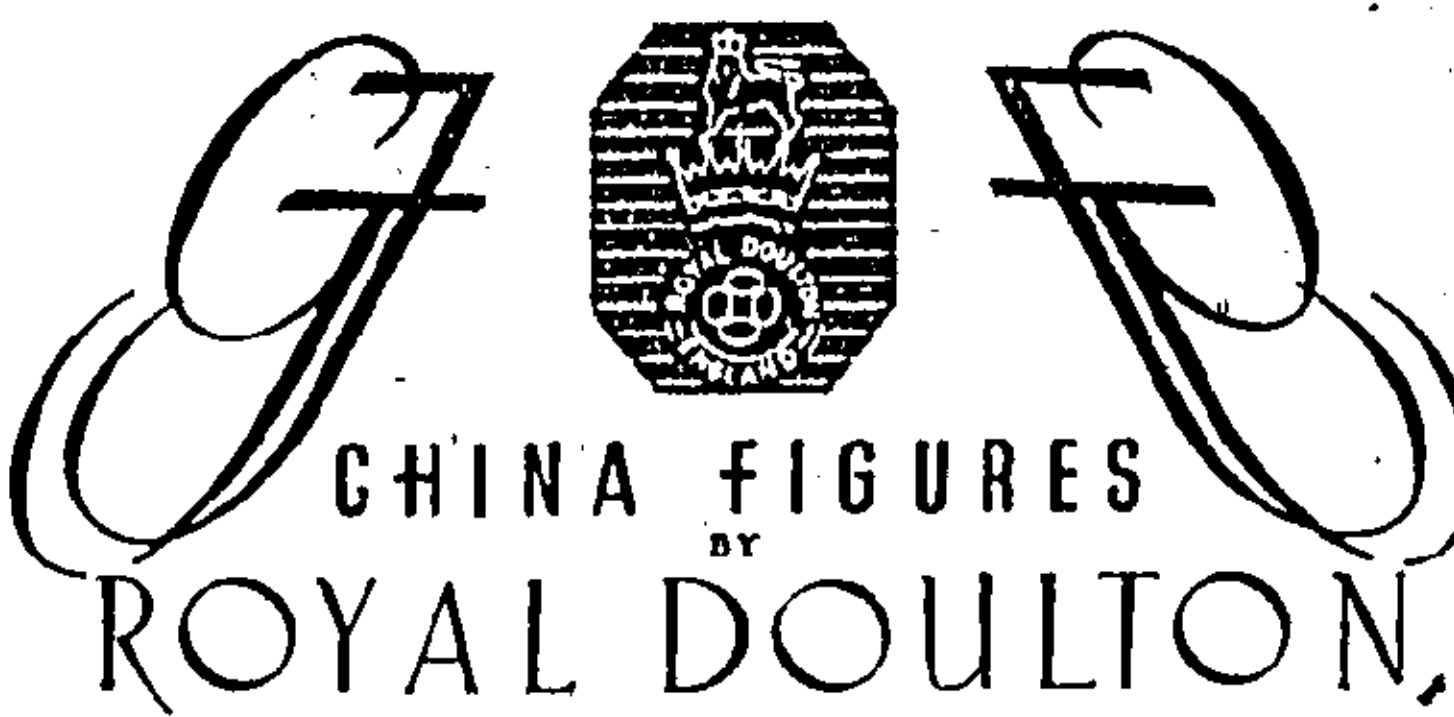
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HERE'S SOMETHING NEW...
For Tired, Irritated Eyes!

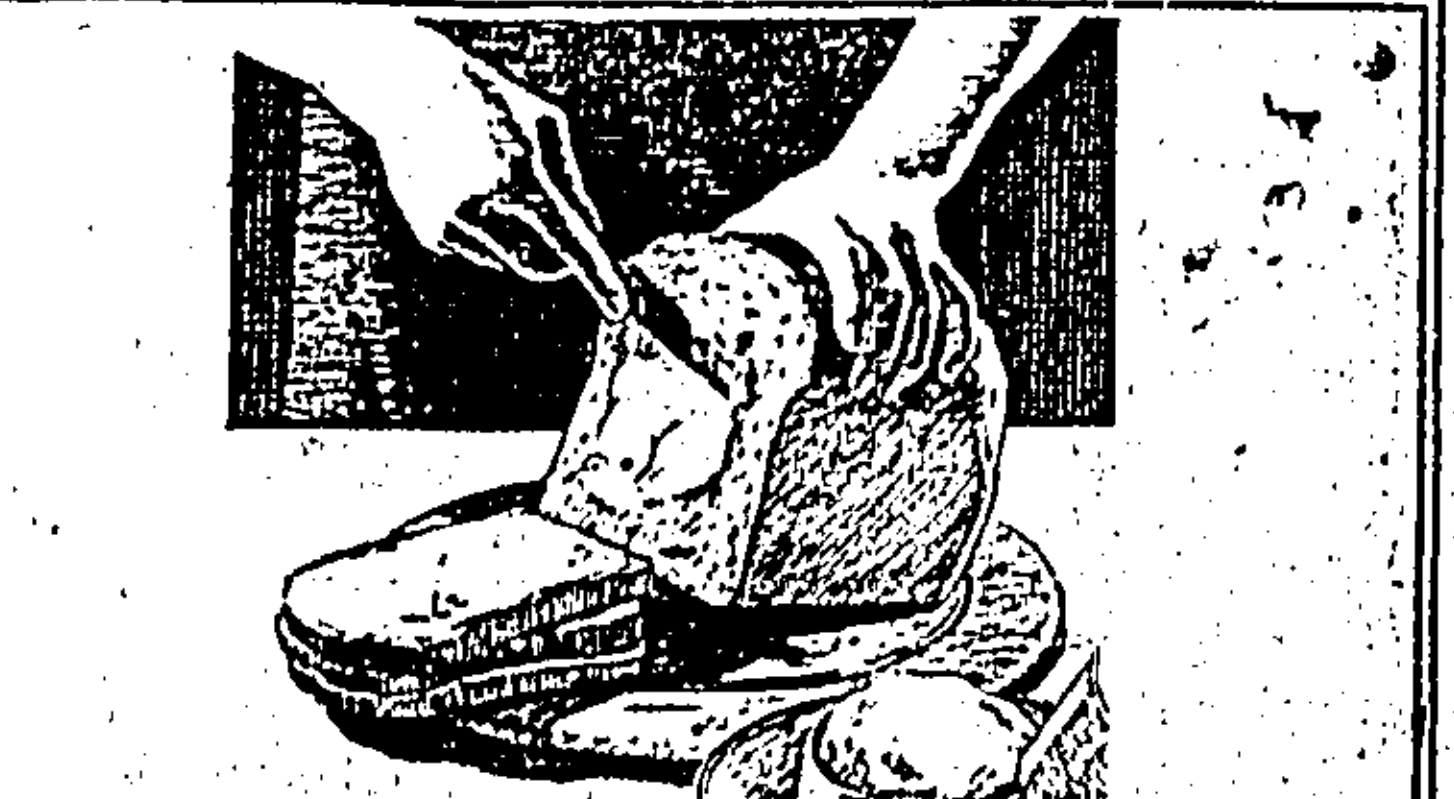
Here's something new in eye-tention! Eye-Mo, the quick relief for tired, inflamed eyes, comes ready for instant use in its own patented glass dispenser. This hygienic Eye-Mo dispenser is so designed that it keeps Eye-Mo constantly free from all contamination.

Human hands never touch Eye-Mo. There's nothing to mix, no fuss or muss—no separate dropper that's so hard to keep clean. Eye-Mo is completely germ-free and safe!

The Eye-Mo dispenser delivers one drop at a time—for accurate dosage and no waste! You get your full money's worth. Every drop of Eye-Mo counts with quick relief for tired, inflamed eyes!



EYE-MO



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... it's nourishing!

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FRESH PACKET
BLUE BAND
MARGARINE

Casserole, Definitely A Dish
For Cold Days

By Alice Denhoff

SCHOOL days are here again and what most mothers of youngsters with hearty appetites are looking for is simple casseroles, the kind that are just right for a good substantial luncheon, and yet are easy to prepare.

These casseroles are especially good with a topping of wheat toast wafers or inch square little cheese biscuits whole or crumbled. Little else is needed to accompany these casseroles. With a tall glass of milk, crisp relishes or a tossed green salad, and a fresh fruit dessert, they add up to a luncheon menu that appeals to busy mothers as well as hungry children.

Chicken Casserole

A good chicken casserole for 4 is made with 2 10½-oz. tins condensed cream of chicken soup, one c. milk, 2½ c. diced cooked or tinned chicken, 1 1/3 c. cooked or tinned whole kernel corn, 3 tbsp. dried pimiento, salt and pepper to taste, all well mixed and blended together. Turn into greased casserole, top with wheat toast wafers. Bake at 375°F. for 20-25 min.

For 6 servings of a fine tuna casserole combine 2 10½-oz. tins condensed tomato soup, 2 10½-oz. tins tuna fish, flaked, 1 1/3 c. cooked or tinned peas, 1/3 c. Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste. Turn half of the mixture into a greased casserole; cover with 1/4 c. little cheese cracker crumbs, then add remaining tuna fish mixture. Top with wheat toast wafers. Bake at 350°F. 20-25 min.

Egg and cheese combine for an excellent and nourishing luncheon or supper casserole. To serve 6 melt 4 tbsp. butter or margarine over low heat; stir in 1/2 c. flour, tsp. salt and 1/4 tsp. pepper. Remove from heat and gradually stir in 2 c. milk. Return to heat and cook, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Add 2 c. shredded sharp cheddar cheese; stir until

melted. Add 2 tbsp. dried pimiento and 5 diced, hard-cooked eggs. Turn into greased casserole and top with round scalloped crackers. Bake at 350°F. for 20-25 min.

Hunger-Appaiser

Nothing takes care of autumn appetites better than a hearty meat casserole. Here's one to appease the ravenous hunger brought on by autumn leaf raking or a good hike. It's a reasonably priced concoction, using our old friend, tinned pork luncheon loaf, in combination with tart apples and sweet potatoes. These are the ingredients needed: Three large sweet potatoes, one tinned pork luncheon loaf, 3 large tart apples, one tin dark corn syrup and butter or margarine for topping.

To make, cook sweet potatoes in their skins until tender, then peel and slice. Core, pare and slice apples. Cut half the pork loaf into slices, and dice the remainder. In a greased baking dish place alternate layers of sweet potatoes, apples and diced pork. Pour some syrup over each layer. Top with a layer of loaf slices; dot with butter. Bake, covered, at 350°F. for about 40 min., uncovering casserole for last 15 min. Serves 6.

Here's another recipe, and a good one, to add to the "burger" family. To serve 6, sauté 1/2 c. chopped onions lightly in 2 tbsp. butter. Add 1 lb. lean beef, 2 tsp. milk, 1/4 tsp. salt and 1/4 tsp. pepper. Form mixture into 24 cakes. Brown in hot drippings. Place on buttered halves of buns and serve with a topping of rarebit sauce. To prepare sauce, add 1/2 c. Worcestershire sauce to 2 c. cheese sauce and stir in a beaten egg just before serving.

Sing a song of carrots, that streamlined health-packed orange stalk that is so often maligned and neglected, cooked badly, or served but rarely!

Often the fault is to be found in the type of carrots selected at market; carrots that are wilted, if not downright shriveled; carrots that are excessively forked or pronged or rough, or with thick masses of leaf stem at the neck. But young, crisp, tender, slender carrots are something else again; something to be eagerly looked for and smartly prepared.

For a tasty relish, serve thin raw carrot sticks with spring onions or finely shredded cabbage. For salads, combine shredded raw carrot with sliced apple; shredded carrot and cottage cheese balls; sliced raw carrot with celery, cabbage and cucumber. Make a moulded gelatine salad with shredded carrot and for an extra touch add pineapple, peaches or orange.

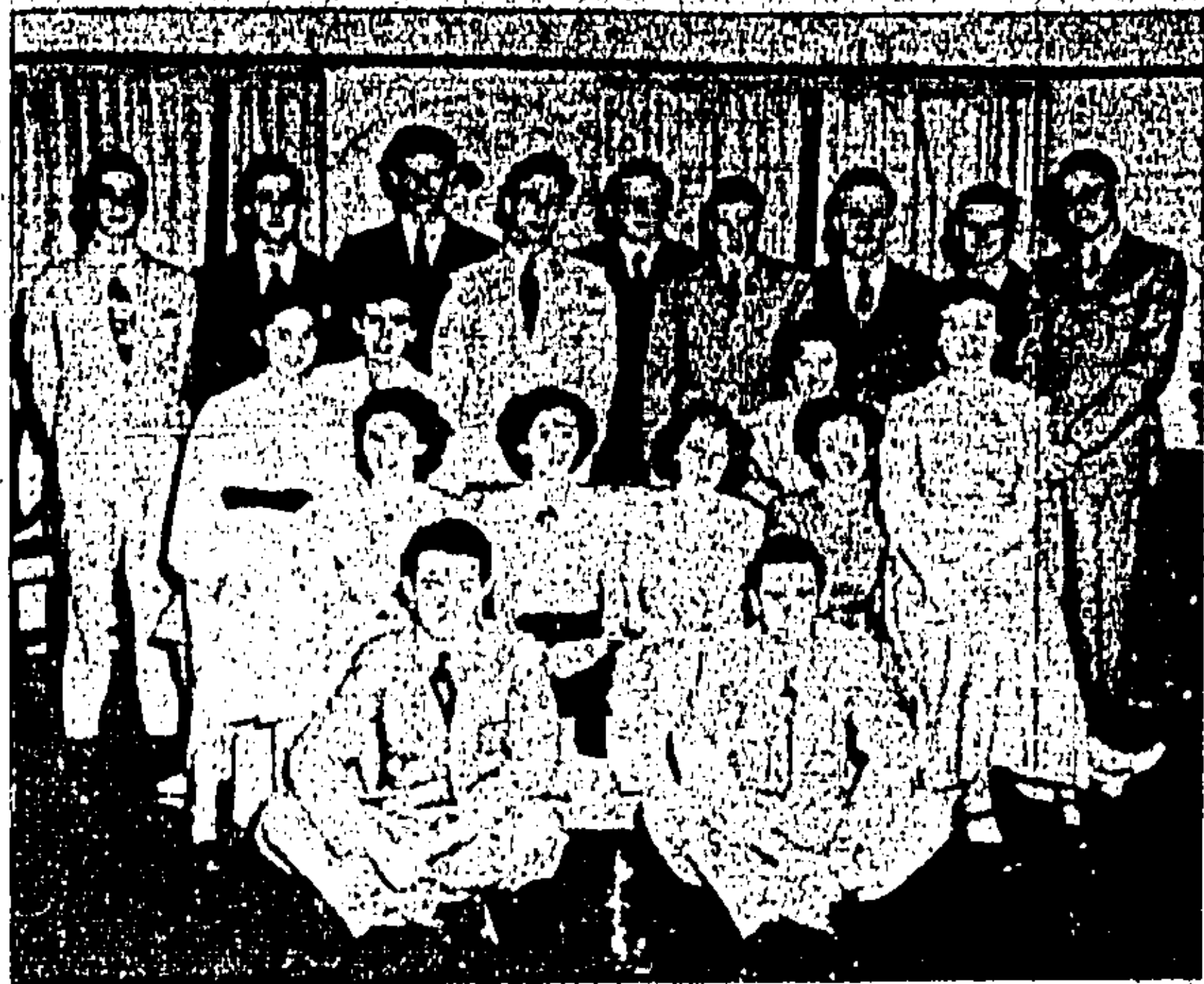
Creamed butter with very finely chopped carrot makes a fine sandwich filling, as does grated carrot with chopped peanuts and salad dressing.

Want something different by way of a poultry recipe? Then try curried fowl with carrots and coconut, a real palate-pleaser.

Disjoint a fowl into serving pieces. Cook as for frenched fowl, and when tender, remove the pieces from the broth. Skim fat from broth.

Next, Sliced Onions

Cook 1/2 c. of sliced onion in 3 tbsp. of the fat for a few minutes. Then stir in 3 tbsp. flour; add slowly, stirring constantly, one pint of the cooled broth; cook until smooth and thickened. Add 1/4 tsp. curry powder, salt to taste, the chicken, and 2 c. cooked, shredded carrots. Serve hot with a border of sticky boiled rice. If desired, fresh coconut may be sprinkled over the chicken.



FRIENDS of Miss Sheona Kirkwood (third from left, seated), photographed at her birthday party last Saturday. (Ming Yuen)



ABOVE and at right are two of the many parties that attended the ball given at the China Fleet Club last week by the Services Family Welfare organisation. (Jimmy Foo)

BELOW: Taken after the christening at the Union Church on Sunday last of Jennifer, daughter of Mr and Mrs W. C. McKie. (Ming Yuen)



LEFT: Lady Grantham presenting prizes at the annual prize day of the Diocesan Girls' School last week. In picture below, she is being presented with a bouquet by a young student of the School. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

ABOVE are seen Mr and Mrs Eduardo Alberto D'Almada Remedios after their wedding at St Teresa's Church last week. The bride was formerly Miss A. M. Barros. (Golden Studio)



GROUP photograph taken at the reception given in the Hongkong Hotel following the wedding of Mr Robert K. C. Li and Miss Olivia Chan. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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MR Loo Wing-sum and his bride, the former Miss Chon Yuet-wah, photographed after their wedding at the Registry on Monday. (Roy Teang)



MR Luiz Gonzaga Maria Souza and Miss Dolcima N. Baptista, after their wedding recently at St Teresa's Church. (Victor Studio)

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Inchcape—The orphan who refused a crown

THIS man Inchcape was not spectacular, but his story is inspiring. He faithfully controlled money for others rather than made it himself.

In spite of his enormous interests and his reputation for great riches his personal fortune was a little more than £2 million.

The other inspiring thing is that he didn't accumulate this by inheritance or speculation or dramatic luck, but by plain, honest, persevering work.

Not that his life lacked glamour. That could hardly be said of a Scottish orphan who rose to be an earl and was offered the crown of a European country.

HE fought his teacher

HE was born James Mackay in the little Scottish town of Arbroath beside the North Sea in 1882. His father captained a couple of his own sailing ships trading around the world, and young "Jemie" early acquired a love for the sea that he never lost.

The boy was a fierce individualist. Threatened at six with an unjustified caning he sailed into his teacher with fists and feet.

At eight his father took him to sea for the first time, to Arbroath in the 300-ton barque Asia.

The excited youngster continued to fall overboard twice.

At ten his father was drowned at sea and two years later his mother died. He was left an orphan with a small patrimony.

In 1894 he went to India as a clerk for Mackinnon, Mackenzie & Co., an influential associate of the British India Company.

There in Calcutta, aged 22, he began to edit his head and shoulders above all the other clerks just by hard and conscientious effort. He never had to intrigue or curry favour.

The firm began to send him on expeditions, along all the trade routes of India and the Middle East. Orders for business and freight poured back to his wake.

At 26 the character of the man was becoming apparent in his looks, short-necked and stocky with unimpeachable eyes, a tight mouth and aquiline nose.

Some of the devilish Scottish boy still survived in him. Every now and then the rising young merchant would ride his four-wheeled chestnut horse up the stairs into his office, to the consternation of his clerks.

50 years of happiness

IN 1881 he caught typhoid and was sent back to England to rest. Back in Arbroath he met Jane Shanks, an engineer's daughter, and after one of those dignified, prolonged, and long-range Victorian romances, he married her.

It was the best thing Mackay ever did—better than all the money he made.

They had 50 years of happiness, and no one can recall James Mackay even looking crossly at Jane.

Jane had only moderate success in enticing him to church. Mackay preferred snipe shooting.

Almost brutally he said: It is a great compliment

but it is not in my line

by . . .

PAUL BRICKHILL

MASTERS OF MONEY... Number six

Once, before he was married, his unorthodox reluctance to attend church got him into trouble.

The strictly religious senior partner agreed to play with him. On Sunday Mackay suggested proudly they go off to church "as usual" and when they got there they found the church had been shut for repairs for months.

Public recognition arrived when he became sheriff of Calcutta, and then, almost immediately, a member of the Viceroy's Council, an unheard-of honour for a trader, especially such a young one.

In 1894 he was knighted for his work on currency reform in India, and a couple of years later returned to London and high office in the British India Steam Navigation Company.

MISSED his biggest honour

THE Government sent him, in 1901, to China to frame a new commercial treaty following the model of the Hsiao Tzang.

Mackay spent a year in Shanghai juggling with Scottish tenantry with Chinese officials who were the cause of chaos and the consequence of procrastination.

He won fame as a negotiator and a G.M.C.

In 1904 he became a director of the Suez Canal Company, and was now the accepted spokesman for British shipowners.

The Government recognised his integrity and accepted his advice almost without question. He was made a senior partner of the British India Company.

In 1909 the greatest honour of all had eluded him.

The Secretary of State for India, Lord Morley, asked him to be Viceroy, but Morley died before he could make the appointment.

Asquith made amendments, two years later, with a barony for Mackay. He became Lord Inchcape.

As the Great War broke out, Inchcape completed the merger of the British India and P. and O. companies, bringing the combined fleets of 2 million tons under his control.

More than ever now he was the most influential figure in British shipping, and he did colossal service in co-ordinating the enormous sea transport problems of war.

Inevitably this meant acceptance of Government interference, and Inchcape was too strong and independent a character and too devoted to efficiency to be happy with officialdom.

Towards the end of the war he began to rail against the Armistice, a prisoner set free.

He now owned Glenapp, a castle in Ayrshire, and this, his yacht, and shooting moors were his most beloved relaxations.

He never quite adapted himself to the post-war world.

He could not lose his old values of a wealthy empire, hard work, and each man knowing his station in life and these clashed with the new discontents and all the imperfections of the new era's social conscience.

The result was the development of intolerance in Inchcape. Tirelessly efficient himself he always tended to demand the same quality in those near him.

He was a stickler for punctuality and got a name for ruthlessness to employees who erred.

28 YEARS IN A CONVENT

MISS Monica Baldwin, cousin of the late Earl Baldwin, former Prime Minister, has returned to the world in her fifties after spending 28 years as a nun in one of the most strict enclosed orders in the world. She was released by special rescript issued by the Pope. She has set down her story in a book, and the first instalment will appear on this page next Saturday.

Everything about him had to be correct, and on his beloved yacht he was tyrannical in his demands for polish and cleanliness.

By his cabin in the yacht there was always a wet nap handy because he had the habit of suddenly wanting to wipe a mark from the deck.

But the Scottish lad never did die in the great magnate. For all his wealth, he never quite ceased regretting that he was not just a relatively humble commander of one of his own ships.

Yet he was too dour a Scot ever to be seduced by glamour. An extraordinary suggestion was made to him in 1921, secretly he was asked to be king of Albania.

He was to have a place in Tirana, a summer palace as well, and the trappings of royalty in a Moslem country, strange destiny for a Scottish orphan.

Inchcape gave a short laugh and sat down and wrote a reply with almost brutal brevity.

"It is a great compliment to be offered the crown of Albania, but it is not in my line."

He continued to serve on various committees, and a d. Ernie Bevin, then the "Dockers' K.C.," speaking of the famous Geddes report, said: "It is the hand of Inchcape all through."

Inchcape was particularly blamed for retrenchments in education. He argued that there was no sense in creating an educated class for which there could be no place in the "black-coated" professions.

It was the first time he ever really tasted public disapproval.

In 1924 he became a viscount, and then he brought down public wrath on himself again with an attack on the strict Scottish Sunday and gloomy churches.

This row had not long died down when he stirred up another; this time in a scathing address as P. and O. chairman, blaming the missionaries in China for the P. and O. losses.

"The present condition of antagonism to us in China is due to the missionaries there to try and convert the people," he said.

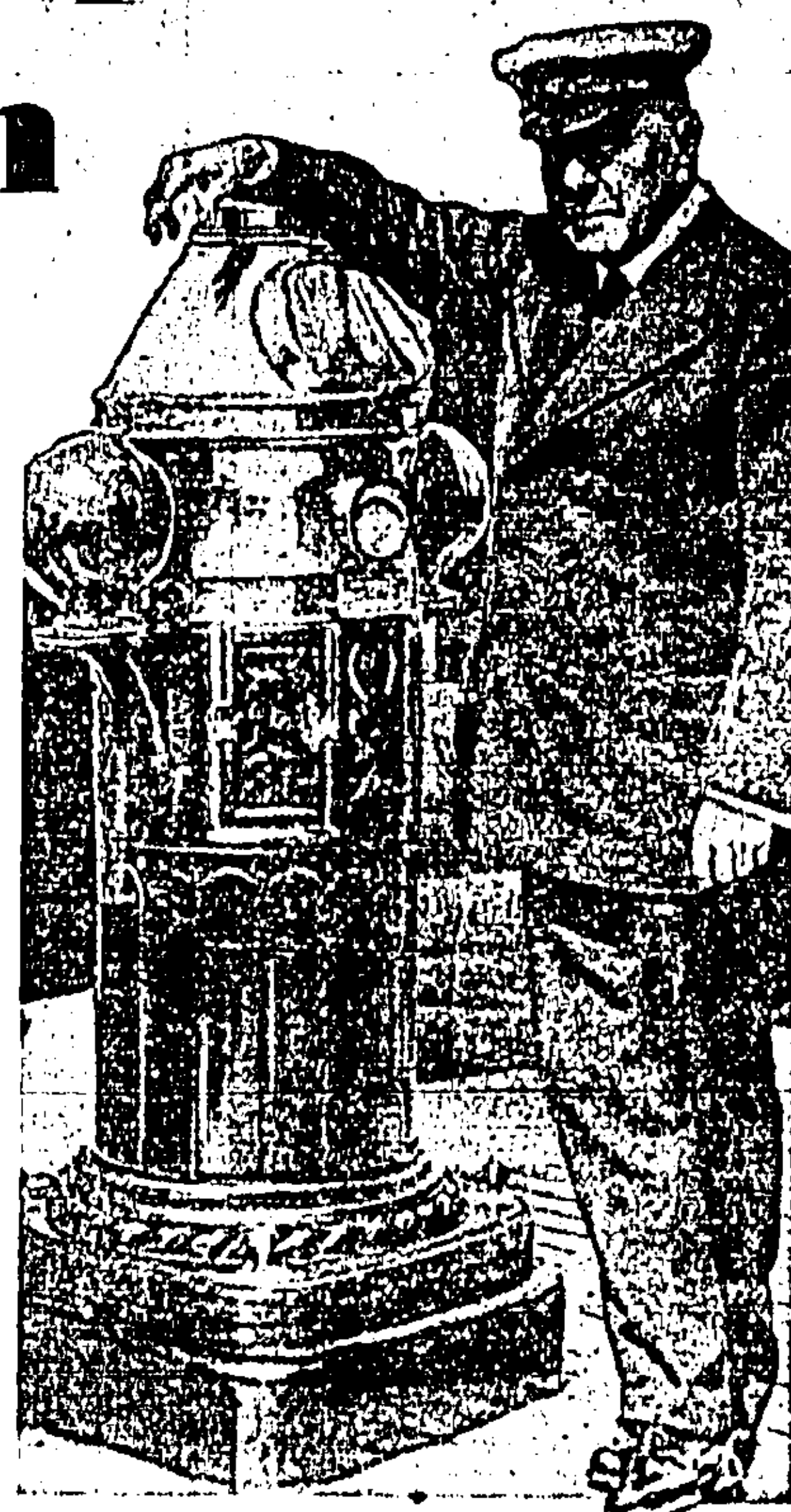
"I ask you how Chinese would be regarded here, if they started mission stations here to convert us to Buddhism. The sooner some of our well-meaning people give up their crusades in India and China the better it will be for us all."

There were columns of letters in the newspapers expressing horror.

STILL working hard at 74

As the years passed Inchcape adjusted himself a little better to the post-war world and even allowed himself to be friendly with Socialists like Ramsay MacDonald, who a couple of years earlier he had regarded as an agent of Bolshevism.

White-haired at 74 he kept his wonderful health, his energy for work, and his passion for thoroughness. He was at his office desk at nine or earlier each morning.



LORD INCCHAPE. — Controlled two million tons of shipping.

His temper remained dictatorial, but just a wee bit he was softening. To a secretary who made a mistake he wrote a note.

"We all make mistakes. I make many. You make few. I am always pleased when my memory is better than yours. It is not often. You are a great help to me."

Inchcape had had a wonderful life crowned with health, success, and the greatest of all prizes, a faultlessly happy marriage. And then at 75 he met great tragedy.

His adventurous daughter Elsie had a pilot licence, and while her parents were out of the way in Egypt she took off with Captain Hinchcliffe to fly the Atlantic in a little cockleshell of an aeroplane.

Inchcape was told nothing about it till after the take-off.

The plane vanished. Her father got that news by cable, too, and for five days he kept the whole escapade from his wife, stifling his own agony, hoping that the plane would be found, and that there would be no need for Janie to suffer.

Only when it was certain Elsie was lost for ever did he break down and tell Janie. It was rather a touching feat of unselfishness.

There was still the less understanding side of him, the detachment of the wealthy man from the problems of ordinary people.

He was genuinely horrified to find the ordinary working man clamouring for more ease and recreation.

"I look on work as recreation," he proclaimed rather smugly. "There is no greater pleasure in this world than work."

He called the dote "A sin against the country."

He became an earl at 77, but he still wouldn't stop working, particularly as the depression was cramping the balance sheets of his beloved companies.

Most and more he inveighed against high taxes and Government interference. He clung to his possessions and privileges with anger.

Nearing 80, he turned more to his family for affection. He liked the role of patriarch.

And then in 1931 his first real illness struck and his beautiful new 2,000-ton steam yacht Rover took him to the Mediterranean to help him ward off death.

Director or chairman of over 40 companies he kept on working.

When his servant went to wake him in Monte Carlo on May 23, 1932, he found him up and at work at his desk in a dressing-gown. A little later his heart stopped and he fell back dead.

(London Express Service)

C. V. R. Thompson Quiet wedding had them all excited

NEW YORK. THE happy ending to the most public non-Hollywood courtship in recent years was seen and heard by millions.

A widower of 71, the most lovable politician in Washington, Vice President Alben Barkley, or the V.P. as he likes to call himself—fell in love at first sight this summer.

His sweetheart was a lovely widow, 36-year-old Mrs. Carole Hadley. They met at a cocktail party given by President Truman's brain-truster, Clark Clifford.

That's the most attractive girl I've ever seen, said the V.P. of the widow.

And from then on he began pressing his attentions almost as much in public as in private.

He all but proposed in a public speech. And in another public speech President Truman urged Mrs. Hadley to accept him.

The romance had Americans—even Washington's hard-lolled cynics—in hearts-and-flowers mood. And they would not allow the V.P. and his widow the quiet wedding they had arranged.

Not only all the radio networks broadcast running commentaries from the church and the reception, but a TV company televised the wedding of the year.

SINGING "politician" Paul Robeson is expected to run for Congress in a Harlem district next year.

DAPPER as he is, President Truman did not even make this year's ten best-dressed men list. Only Government man in today's list is Secretary of State Dean Acheson.

TWO MONTHS after devaluation British-made rugs and dinnerware are competing with American products. Lawrence Whiting, head of an American furniture mart, announced this. Other British goods which he thinks have a chance to

compete are special fabrics, glass and china cabinets, children's furniture, toys, wheel goods utensils and kitchen gadgets, and cutlery.

British goods which he thinks are not dangerous are these—upholstered furniture, bedroom and dining-room suites, fridges, and stoves.

UNREST is reported among some of America's atom bosses. There are strong rumours that David Lilienthal, head of the Atomic Energy Commission, will soon resign. His objection—there is too much secrecy.

EVEN the B.B.C. has been brought into the squabble between two American radio companies over which of them owns the better colour TV system. Proudly Columbia announced that H. L. Kirtke, a B.B.C. official, had made arrangements with them to test the Columbia system.

Silence at first from their rival, the Radio Corporation of America. But then they came up with quotes from another B.B.C. official, Sir Noel Ashbridge, that no definite testing arrangements had been made yet with any firm.

THE LARGEST ten-cent store in the world opened the other day in Houston, Texas. It has 350 departments and more than a mile of counters. And on the counters are 40,000 different items—from hairpins to luggage sets, from biscuits to wedding cakes. But there is not much that costs only 10 cents (8d.). Typical item—dolls, 25 each.

SHOW BUSINESS: Now we can all become Broadway "angels." A company has just been floated to raise up to 1,000,000 dollars in public money to finance new shows. Each share will cost 8s. 6d. And every three-and-six-penny producer will get the privilege of all Broadway producers—front rows will be set aside for every performance of plays backed with his money, and he will get an option on choice of seats.



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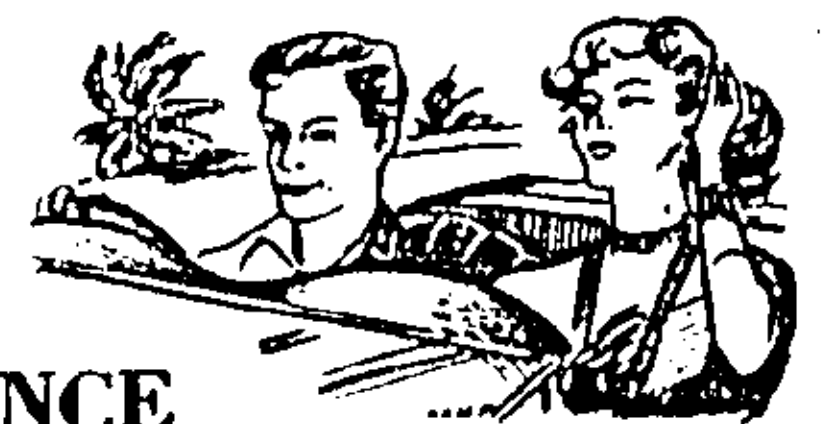
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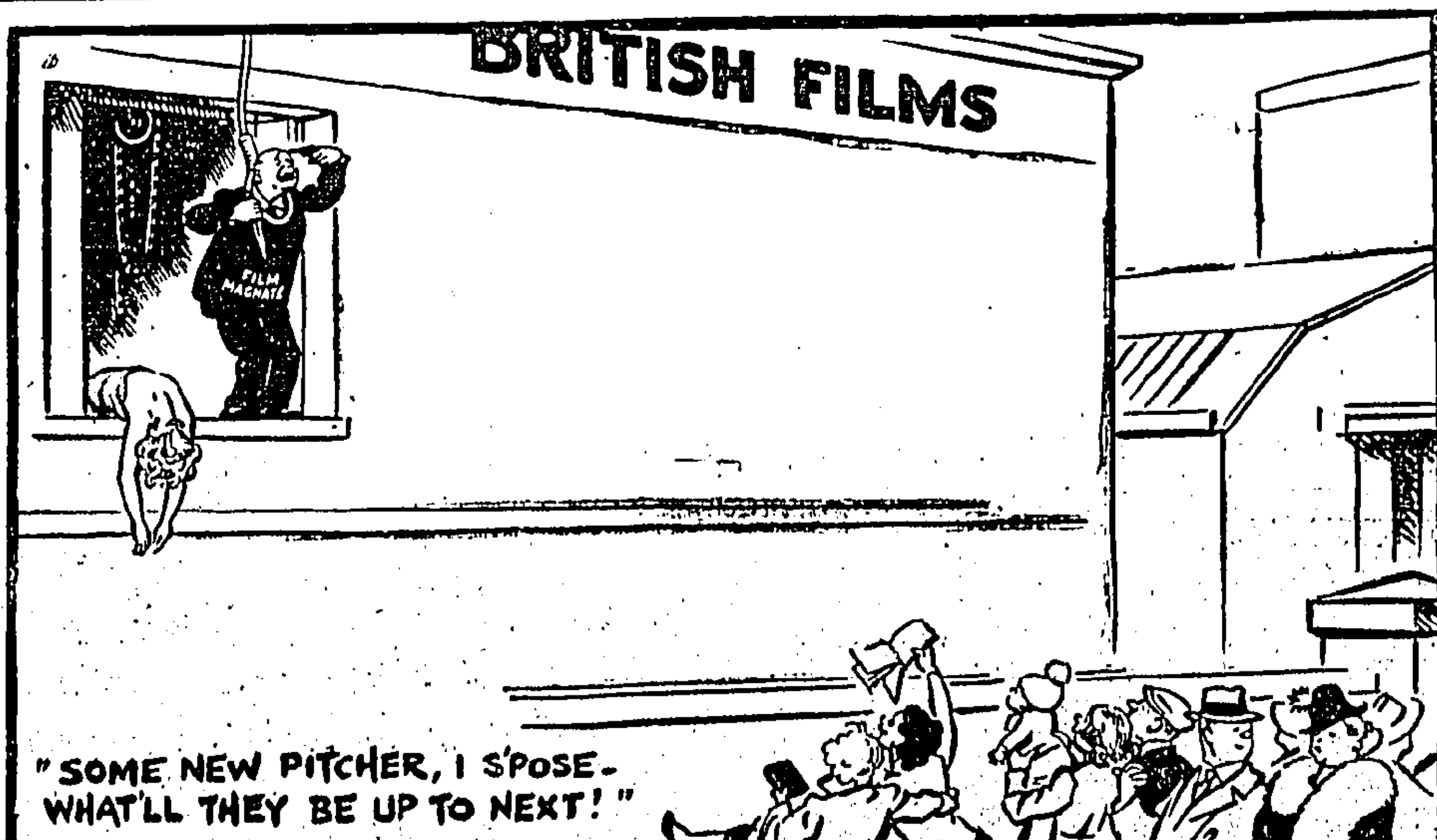
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Wrestling Is Featured On Turkish Stamps

FOUR stamps just issued by Turkey feature wrestling. Wrestling is a national sport with the Turks. It is taught in school and they like it as much as Britons like football. Champions give exhibitions all over the country—even at village concerts.



This stamp shows how to throw an opponent by pinning back his left leg with your right arm and using your left arm and right knee to topple him.

Perforation: 11½ by 11½; Face value: 20 kurus (about 4d.).

The stamp was designed to mark the European wrestling championships in Istanbul and fewer than one million in all were issued. They could become valuable—J. A. A.

(London Express Service)

FROM HERE AND THERE:

The Students Must Go 'On The Wagon'

CALIFORNIA: Students at the vast University of California have gone on the wagon—by order. An edict banned all cocktail and beer parties and said that official chaperones must be present when soda-pop and ice-cream are served.

Medieval Man

ROME: Reviving a practice of the Middle Ages a Neapolitan husband, Ugo Montuori, 32, has for two years compelled his wife Rina Antick, to wear a steel chastity belt every time he went away on business trips. But one day Rina denounced this practice to the police. The police are waiting for Montuori's return to charge him with cruelty.

The Difference

BOSTON: Detectives and pawnbrokers are being given special training so that they can spot the difference between a \$200 diamond and a new synthetic diamond now on the market in America. Made of a chemical called rutile, the new diamond outshines the real thing but costs only £7 a carat. No course has yet been arranged for flaneurs.

Basic Is "Out"

WASHINGTON: Albert Wiggam, psychologist, says that high-sounding words are necessary now because people are not impressed with simple ones. It is useless, he thinks, to tell a nation that it is not earning enough to pay its bills. How it

The Love Story of Dickens and the Actress

DICKENS Hesketh Pearson. (Methuen, 18s.)

NEW BOOKS

SHAW. By C. E. M. Joad. (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) 240 pp.

by MARGARET LANE

AT first glance one wonders, perhaps unjustly, why Mr Hesketh Pearson should have chosen Dickens. Mr Pearson is a professional biographer, and is obliged regularly to change his ground, whether he likes it or not. His most successful subject, Bernard Shaw, apparently, suggested this one: "As you have done Shakespeare and Shaw, are you not bound to do Dickens?"

So Mr Pearson decided to "do" Dickens, apparently as a tobaccoist might open a shop at Broadstairs because he already has one at Walmers and another at Deal; and one picks up the book with the faintest possible sigh, since more passion should go to a biography than that.

The choice seems at first, too, the more curious because Dame Una Pope-Hennessy's recent biography (still only four years old) made full use of the previously suppressed letters, and no new material has since come to light. Mr Hesketh Pearson, indeed, does not claim to have found any fresh matter: what he sets out to do is to lay stress where it has not sufficiently been laid before to recreate for us to bring back to life Dickens's quite unique and extraordinary character.

In this, in spite of one's preliminary sighing, and of a number of small quarrels and irritations on the way, he really does, and at times unusually, succeed.

He has taken great pains to build up Dickens's dazzling and dynamic personality, the qualities that made him a brilliant, even companion, a difficult man to live with, a ceaseless fountain of energy, a comedian of enchanting quality in private life and an actor almost on the level of genius.

He makes one feel the starting ardour of Dickens, his betwixt richness and prodigality of character, in a way that a more scholarly and "distinguished" biography (the Pope-Hennessy one, for instance) disappointingly fails to do.

But why, having achieved so much, has he littered his work with bones for his readers to pick?

How can he bear to annoy the serious ones (which are what every biographer desires) by falling to give a single reference for the hundreds of letters and conversations that he quotes?

How can he be so slipshod in his choice of words as to speak of Macaulay's "unerring inaccuracy"?

Why does he let a jealous hatred of John Forster, Dickens's lifelong friend and first biographer, run away with him?

Forster had his tiresome side, but Dickens would never have endured him for five minutes if he had been the monster of humourless pomposity that Mr Pearson tries to make him; and he destroys his own case by quoting Mrs Carlyle's irresistible account of Forster at one of the wonderful hilarious Dickens parties:

"After supper when we were all madder than ever with the pulling of crackers, the drinking of champagne, and the making of speeches, a universal country dance was proposed, and Forster seized me round the waist, whirled me into the thick of it, and made me dance! Once I cried out, Oh for the love of heaven let me go! You are going to dash my brains out against the folding doors! To which he answered—(you can fancy his tone)—Your brains! Who cares about their brains here? Let them go!"

Mr Pearson deals at length and, I should judge, with considerable understanding, with the emotional frustration and morbid unhappiness of Dickens's last years, when his love for the 18-year-old actress Ellen Ternan precipitated his separation from his wife, after 20 years of marriage and the birth of 10 children.

He refers (as I believe Dame Una Pope-Hennessy does not) to the fact that Ellen Ternan had a child by Dickens, but does not say what became of this mysterious and interesting son. Miss Ternan eventually married a clergyman, and I have been told that her son by Dickens grew up to be a Unitarian minister, but I do not know if this is true, and Mr Pearson offers no information on the subject.

MR JOAD belongs to the generation which, in the last years before 1914, were emancipated from Edwardian conventional thought by the writings of George Bernard Shaw. Shaw is now a venerable figure, and though it has become fashionable not to take him seriously, politically or otherwise, he remains one of the great original geniuses of our age, the thinker who more than any other has moulded the ideals and beliefs of the last two generations.

It would be interesting, then, and useful to have a sort of handbook of Shaw's opinions and beliefs, his moral and political conclusions and his philosophy; and if Mr Joad had confined himself to his analysis of these it would have been a valuable study.

Unfortunately, he has felt obliged to sugar what he mistakenly regards as a pill with a great deal of self-contemplation and personal anecdote.

He is more interested in resemblances between himself and Shaw than the reader is likely to be, and the personality which so persistently crowds Shaw off the page is (as I am sure Mr Joad is not in life) disagreeable and conceited.

C. E. M. JOAD, born in 1891, is reader in philosophy at the University of London. Well known as a broadcaster and was one of the most popular members of the *Friday Night* series. About his present *Truth* series he says: "I have admired and revered Shaw all my life, and he has done more to form my life than anybody else put together."

SINISTER STREET. By Compton Mackenzie. (Macdonald, 10s. 6d.) 880 pages.

IT is now 36 years since the publication of *Sinister Street*, best-seller of the last war but one, now republished in a single volume of just under 1,000 pages. Reading it for the first time it is difficult to understand the sensation that it undoubtedly made.

Even as a period piece it is heavy going; the long, long, long sentences of the Oxford afternoons, with their Billy Bunter wit ("My God, Wedders, you are a prize ass," chuckled the offender), the equally long ex-

LIBRARY LIST

TITUS OATES. Jane Lane (Andrew Dakers, 11s.). 364 pp. A long, painstaking and at times absorbing biography of one of the most famous traitors in history.

THE DOCTOR WEARYS FIBRE. Mary Dora Hammond. 10s. 6d., 22s. 6d. Mrs. Alfred is a sister of that party Macdonald who wrote two humorous best-sellers about keeping chickens and having tuberculosis. This book is about being married to a doctor. Apparently that's a secret too.

TEA WITH MR. ROCHSTER. Frances Towers (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.), 207 pp. Short stories with a feminine and peculiar flavour, quiet and rewarding.

(London Express Service)

curious into the demimonde as soon as the hero ceases to be an undergraduate ("My god, how gloriously you wait," he whispered), conspire to make one perpetually conscious that the book is very heavy to hold.

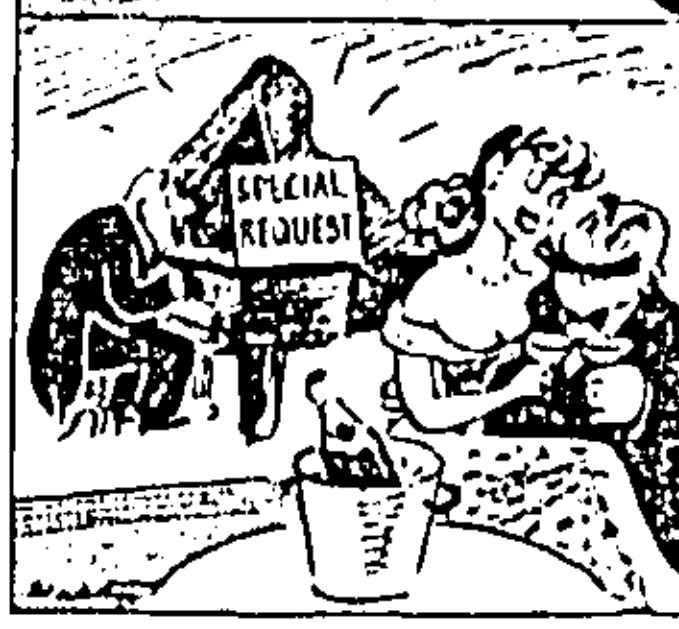
I am afraid this is a bad sign. *COMPTON MACKENZIE, born in West Herts in 1862, has been writing novels, poems and plays for nearly 60 years. His versatility extended to a small part in the film of his novel *Whisky Galore*, and he is amused to think that his "screen career" began when he was 60. During the war he was captain of the Home Guard on the Hebrides island of Barra. His recreations are cats and the gramophone.

(London Express Service)

MUSIC LOVER

DAB and FLOUNDER

—by Walter



AN IRON GATE FOR DICKSI

To stop damage



DESTRUCTIVE DICKSI

MR. Jim Turner, 30-year-old London Zoo blacksmith, is making a large iron gate for the stable of Dicki, the elephant.

The gate, 12ft. high, is of the sliding type, and is being riveted with sturdy steel plates.

"It has become necessary because of Dicki's destructiveness," said a Zoo official.

"She has pulled slates from the roof, weakened 10 upright stanchions in front of her stall and wrenched down a guttering."

(London Express Service)

News In The Air:

Carrier Planes May Land On Cushion Deck

they must be watered daily with a hose.

NAVAL air experts are working on the results of an experimental landing by a no-undercarriage aircraft on a new-type flight deck.

From the experiment may come the "cushioned" flight-deck on which high-performance fighters can land.

First flexible deck was built on land—at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, Hants.

Question was: Could aircraft on skis make a successful landing on a clinging rubber surface? A weighted glider suggested they could.

But the real test came when a flexible flight-deck was built into the aircraft-carrier *Warrior*.

Man chosen for the hazardous experiment was 26-year-old

Lieut.-commander Eric Melrose Brown, of Farnham, Surrey, who, in 1945, was the first man to land a jet aircraft on a carrier.

Brown's feat was revealed when he was awarded the Boyd Trophy for the best achievement of the year in naval aviation.

He brought a modified Vampire jet fighter safely on to the flexible deck of the *Warrior*.

ANIMALS are so often being carried in British Overseas Airways freighters that the Corporation have issued a booklet to their staff to ensure comfortable and humane conditions of transport.

The booklet points out, for example, that birds must be stowed facing the light, as they will not eat in the dark. On voyages of up to six days, crocodiles do not need food, but

A HELICOPTER has just flown from England to the Sudan—inside a Bristol freighter aeroplane. The helicopter is to be used to spray 100,000 acres of pest-threatened cotton.

AN American report says that test pilot Roland P. ("Bob") Beament was probably the first Englishman to fly faster than sound.

This suggests that Beament did it while flying a North American F86 fighter in California several months before John Derry exceeded the speed of sound in the De Havilland 108 in a dive over the Windsor area a year ago.

Beament is chief test pilot of the English Electric Company and has done all the test flying in the Canberra, Britain's first jet-bomber. He was a fighter pilot during the war.

(London Express Service)

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



"More Wrong Numbers"

BY KEMP STARRETT

